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CHRONICLE.

The Prince of Wales. **O**N Monday the PRINCE OF WALES assisted at two ceremonies of interest. He laid the foundation of a new Polytechnic Institution at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, in the morning, and later he presided at the Imperial Institute, where Mr. W. E. H. LECKY delivered an extremely important and interesting lecture on the relations of the Mother-country to her Colonies and dependencies, and on the vast orb of that fate whereof some of us, alas! seem unworthy.

In Parliament. In the House of Lords yesterday week, in response to an earnest appeal from Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord SALISBURY agreed not to insist on the amendment giving the reduced Commanders of the Madras and Bombay Armies seats in the Councils, even as when they were Commanders-in-Chief. The matter was not of the first importance, and the Upper House showed its usual wisdom in letting the Lower have its way, and so securing a very valuable Bill.

Commons. In the Lower House itself Lord GEORGE HAMILTON drew from Mr. GLADSTONE a rather conciliatory answer on the navy, declining, indeed, to anticipate the usual time of statement, but giving an assurance that not the smallest apprehension need be felt as to the maintenance of "the distinct naval supremacy of Great Britain." The Debate on the Parish Councils Bill, though nominally on more than one amendment, turned in reality throughout the night on the question whether small parishes at least are to be allowed, if they are wise enough, to escape the infliction of a Council. It is curious and significant that in both the Bills now before the House the question is practically the same:—"Shall the unit, whether individual, commune, or what not, be allowed to exercise its judgment, and keep its freedom, or must it obey the dominant fad of the moment in government, willy-nilly?" At midnight Mr. MUNDELLA gave the details of the Coal Settlement, which we notice below.

Lords. A debate, but no division, took place in the House of Lords on Monday on a Bill mildly called the Sea Fisheries (Scotland) Regulation Bill, but known by the initiated to concern those mysterious "mussel-scalps" which, since hypothec ceased from

troubling, have been the chief terror of the ignorant and glauk Englisher, and of which no very clear understanding is said to exist under the scalps of some Scotchmen themselves. We observe that some English Radicals, perhaps honestly, have taken Lord CAMPERDOWN's unpressed objection as a new wickedness of the peerage. As a matter of fact, we believe it to be quite the other way, and to express a grievance of the average Scotch ratepayer against the protection of a particular interest at his expense.

Commons. In the Lower House the first clause of the Parish Councils Bill constituting the "fatal machine" was passed, and the House rose while still on the second, which determines the qualifications of its crew.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday, Mr. BUXTON gave the information that LOBENGULA had been invited to come in, but "unconditionally." It seems scarcely probable that the King is beaten enough for that yet. There was considerable talk on this matter. On the Parish Councils Bill Mr. McLAREN, following up his victory of last week, moved a fresh amendment to prevent the disqualification of the married women at present entitled to vote for guardians, and was met by an offer from Mr. FOWLER to insert a new clause, abrogating this disqualification in general. This was accepted; and the amendment withdrawn. Some others dealing with non-resident, plural, and cumulative voting were then discussed and rejected.

The sitting of Wednesday was distinguished by more heat than has been usual in this autumn Session. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke with considerable acrimony, the Closure was invoked and applied, and the unyielding, not to say provocative, action of the Government gave rise to many suspicions as to the course they were steering. The time of parish meetings was the chief subject of discussion.

On Thursday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rose to deliver his expected onslaught on the Employers' Liability Bill, which he did with great ingenuity and force, weakened only by the avowed intention of the Opposition not to divide. Mr. ASQUITH was feeble in his reply, and the balance of criticism was heavily against the Bill in the debate which followed; but it is too true that the refusal to divide counts more than the best arguments. A curious mistake in tact and tactics, however, on the part of "the best HOME SECRETARY since ADAM" (or is it only NOAH?), left the Government,

for all the carrying of the Bill through the House, at a disadvantage. Mr. ASQUITH rose to move the Closure at ten minutes to twelve, receiving a mild, but crushing, snub from the SPEAKER, and a sharp rebuke from his predecessor, Mr. MATTHEWS.

Politics out of Some remarks of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (*retour* Parliament. *d'Amérique*) on current political matters were published this day week.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL spoke as a candidate at Bradford on Tuesday, when also a deputation from "University Colleges" (to use a current, but rather absurd, phrase, for institutions not forming part of the older Universities) waited on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to ask for more bread. This the CHANCELLOR not only refused them, but in the case of King's College, London, appears to have threatened to substitute a stone for the modest loaf now given. This would be scandalous enough, for probably no institution amongst those founded in the present century has done more for education than this. But anything is believable of the present Government when Nonconformist jealousy and greed are concerned.

LORD RANDOLPH (who, by the way, seems to have succeeded in putting some Gladstonians in a great rage) spoke again at Bradford on Wednesday, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL defended the Government at Bristol, while Sir CHARLES DILKE, to a democratic club in London, apologized for the Parish Councils Bill, which, it seems, is as democratic as the Government dared to make it, and is likely to bring other democratic blessings in its train.

A very funny correspondence between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. STOREY on Bench-packing was published yesterday morning. Putting it shortly, the PRIME MINISTER protested that the LORD CHANCELLOR was packing as fast as decency would permit, and Mr. STOREY replied that he and his friends did not care a jot for the decency, and only wanted the packing.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. No details were received up to the end of last week of the exact arrangement arrived at by the AMEER and Sir MORTIMER DURAND, but it appeared that the AMEER, speaking formally in durbar, had declared that "friendship was permanently established." Some decidedly shrewd remarks of Signor CRISPI's on the Franco-Russian business were published. Admiral DE MELLO had (it was said, but subsequently denied) proclaimed the eldest son of the Infanta YSABEL and the Count of EU Emperor of Brazil. On the other hand, the naval and other forces recently recruited at New York by President PEIXOTO were starting; but the United States Government had so far retreated from its rather unneutral attitude as to point out to its officers that they must resign their commissions before accepting others in the Brazilian service.

There was a little Matabele news on Monday, and, fortunately, it was indisputable, being sent by Colonel GOULD-ADAMS, through the channel of Bishop KNIGHT-BRUCE. It appeared that LOBENGULA had retired northwards with 8,000 men, and had not as yet given any sign of yielding. The importance of carefully weighing as well as counting news is shown by the fact that, while this despatch to Sir HENRY LOCH was actually sent by the Colonel, from Bulawayo, on the *thirteenth*, some "Company" telegrams declared that the Imperial forces were only "expected" there on the *fifteenth*. Something too much of this, perhaps, in "Cecil Company's" ways. Some, but not very full, details of the settlement with the AMEER also arrived. ABDUL RAHMAN is to have his subsidy increased by fifty per cent., and divers grievances of his have been removed; while, on the other hand, he withdraws all claims to interfere in Chitral, Bajaur, Swat, and the rest of the hill-country in that direction, as well as in Waziristan. Lord LANSDOWNE, making his Viceregal

visit to Burmah, had been warmly welcomed at Rangoon; and in Calcutta very strong evidence as to the folly of interfering with the opium trade had been given by Sir DAVID BARBOUR and Surgeon-General RICE. There was not much Continental news of importance; but a good deal of attention had been paid to the death of Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria.

The most important news of Tuesday morning was the detailed account of the delimitation between England and Germany in Africa, towards the Niger-Tchad region. This gives Germany the very important boon of access to the lake, and apparently allows her to make what she can—not indeed of Yola, but of the parts eastward and southward of it, as well as of Wadai and Baghirmi. But it expressly excludes her from Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal, and, by strictly arranging the Anglo-German frontier between Lake Tchad and the Bight, completely shuts out the pretensions of the French (to whom, it may be remembered, access on the north to Lake Tchad was secured by the Anglo-French agreement) to interlope on the south of that lake.—The most startling item, perhaps, was the discovery of a plot by some youthful French-Canadian officers of Militia to blow up the NELSON statue at Montreal. The heroes, we are told, "broke down" in the dock. This probably means that they wept and cried "O ma mère!" after the manner of the nationality they affect. We do not suspect respectable French Canadians of abetting any such conduct; but there is no doubt that their general spirit is not good. Matabele news was small; the Opium Commission had replaced fact and experts with fad and American Methodist Episcopal Bishops, and it was stated that Dom PEDRO, "younger of Brazil," if we may so say, had started for that inheritance of his of which Republicans have been making so precious a mess. This also was denied later.

Tuesday's news contained the French Ministerial programme communicated by the Premier, M. DUPUY (it is seldom superfluous to mention the names of French Premiers), to the Chamber. It was of a Conservative and "anodyne" character, rejecting Revision, Disestablishment, and the extremer State Socialism, but promising domestic reforms, a superannuation fund for labour, and so forth. The Afghan Mission had arrived at Lundi Kotal.

The expected yelps duly came on Thursday morning from France on the subject of the Anglo-German delimitation in the Sultanates to the south of Lake Tchad. The extent of French designs was shown by the affected horror of the *Débats* at the inclusion of Darfur, Kordofan, and Bahr-el-Ghazal (in other words, the remainder of the Egyptian Soudan) in the sphere tabooed by Great Britain to other Powers. The weakness, or rather nullity, of French claims was shown by the admission of the *Temps* that, "in default of "diplomatic action," French explorers had somehow or other conferred those claims. Precisely so; and the value of the claims conferred by an explorer (especially when he tells fibs) "in default of diplomatic action" is exactly *nil*. In Spain (where also an important raid on Anarchists had been made) some one had at last arisen to point out that France, not England, is the enemy in Morocco—where, by the way, the Spaniards have fresh troubles in the West as well as in the North.

Reports, which may be true, but which are by no means certain, were published yesterday morning from Dr. JAMESON, to the effect that LOBENGULA had been deserted by his tribe, and that the Matabele war was over. These reports, which we hope are true, were accompanied by others, which we hope may not be true, of a bragging, ungenerous, and extremely inaccurate "interview," in which the Administrator asserted that the Chartered Company's troops "alone

"had done it." The Egyptian Budget showed a surplus of more than half a million. In France, M. LOCKROY paid the Ministry the high compliment of saying that its programme was that "of a Monarchy, not of a Republic." Prince WINDISCHGRÄTZ, the new Austrian Premier, had set before the Reichsrath a programme of reform, though not quite such a daring one as Count TAAFFE'S. And, indeed, it was ever thus. The Brazilian Government said it had sunk a monitor.

National Defence. The question of the increase of the Navy and others thereto appertaining have been rather vigorously discussed this week in an abundant correspondence in the *Times* and other papers, in a lecture of Admiral COLOMB'S at Edinburgh, in the report of a scheme of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S for strengthening the fleet, and so on.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the Court of Appeal confirmed Mr. Justice STIRLING'S refusal of an injunction against the Chartered Company of South Africa.—On Tuesday, at Maidstone, EDWARDS, the defaulting solicitor of Deal, was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude as a fraudulent trustee.

Correspondence. Lord WEMYSS on Thursday drew attention to the senseless folly of making guardsmen do sentry-go without greatcoats in this severe weather. It may be coupled with the intelligence which, during this week, has stationed men just back from hot climates in the bleak Portsdown forts, with the natural result that two of them have been frozen to death on their way from the town.

The Coal Strike. The result of the Coal Conference yesterday week proved that Lord ROSEBURY had not missed the psychological moment. After some five hours' talk a settlement was arrived at, the terms being in brief that all men should return to work at once at the old rate until February 1, and that a Conciliation Board, with a Chairman to be appointed in the last resort by the SPEAKER, should fix the wages to follow for the space of one year, absolutely and at least. Some reckless champions of the men in the press have, of course, blared "Victory" over this. They do their clients injustice. It will be observed that, if the masters have given up their demand for an immediate reduction, the strikers have consented to the arbitration they formerly refused, that they have reduced the time of working at the old rate by two months, or nearly fifty per cent. (from April 1 to February 1), and that the preposterous doctrine of the minimum or living wage is not in any form included in the settlement.

In the early part of the present week there was much news of returnings to work, hindered (as was any great immediate drop in prices) by the bad and dangerous state of many of the mines where the strikers had prevented proper care being taken. (By the way, if any honest and intelligent person has a doubt in the question of Strike *v.* Lock-out, let him consider this part of the matter.) Mr. PICKARD was protesting that every soul must go in at once [even of those who are demonstrably overmanning the trade?], and vowing that the miners' objection to outside arbitration, and their determination on a "*minimum wage*," were unaffected by the ROSEBURY settlement. We turn to the document, which Mr. PICKARD signed, and we find that special provision for an outside Chairman (who is an arbitrator in everything but name) is made, and that there is nothing to prevent the Board of Conciliation, whose decisions Mr. PICKARD and his friends are bound to obey for twelve months certain, from fixing wages at fifty per cent. below those of 1888, if they choose.

London Government. Yesterday week there was a passage with courteous arms between the City of London and the Commission appointed to sit on its

"unification," as the wise it call. The City contended that it should be allowed to show cause as to the necessity of its being cooked as well as on the nature of the sauce; and the Commission, while gravely "regretting" this unreasonable, but not unprecedented, desire, hinted that perhaps it might be indulged in some indirect fashion.

The London County Council on Tuesday was busy with the wages question, and with a scheme extending cheap railway transit. In the former part of the discussion an admirable *reductio ad absurdum* of the "living wage" absurdity was achieved by the eminent Mr. FRANK SMITH, who urged that, as a man with a wooden leg eats as much as one with two legs of flesh, he ought to be paid exactly as if he were able-bodied. This is quite unanswerable on the theory; and, indeed, if the once well-known legless and armless man of Burlington House were to present himself for employment as a navvy, we cannot see how, on "living wage" principles, he could be refused full Union rate.

On Wednesday the Corporation met specially to discuss the attitude of the Commission which wishes to amalgamate them with the Council at any price, and did not at all "take it lying down." On the contrary, they suggested very coolly that the Commission had better get its powers extended, so as to consider the question on the merits. On Thursday the Commission ingeniously enough suggested that, though it could not consider the "desirableness" of the amalgamation, it had no objection to evidence on its "convenient practicability."

Universities. The London University Extension Society met this day week in Goldsmiths' Hall, and was addressed by Mr. GOSCHEN and the Headmaster of Harrow.—The Marquess of HUNTLY gave the last blow to Gladstonianism in the Sixth Rectorial election last week by defeating Dr. HUNTER at Aberdeen by 347 to 253. At Edinburgh Lord ROBERTS was made Doctor of Laws, and spoke in the evening.—At Cambridge Mr. JAMES has been appointed director of the Fitzwilliam Museum.

The Gale. News began to come in at the end of last week of shipwrecks and other disasters caused by the gales of the preceding days. Monday's papers were literally crammed with tales of the damage on land and sea done by these gales, which had been blowing with little intermission for several days past, and had achieved a record of disaster seldom matched of late years.

Tuesday's details of the damage done were almost worse than Monday's. A whole fleet of French fishing-boats had been driven ashore on the Picardy coast, with, it was feared, the loss of some three hundred lives, and the storm has extended from Norway to Portugal. The effect on Scotch forests has been particularly destructive.

Miscellaneous. The English representatives of the Chartered Company of British South Africa had a very successful meeting on Monday—made those "representations" which the Courts of Chancery and Appeal had been in vain invoked to prevent, "blew" somewhat (but not quite in the brave old Colonial style) over their successes, and got their shareholders to confirm the agreement, and double the capital.

Mr. CHARLES BOOTH delivered an address on "The Life and Labour of the People in London," on Monday, to the Statistical Society.

On Tuesday the City Commission of Sewers, at the instance of their medical officer, condemned the drainage of Christ's Hospital, thereby in effect closing the school. So there is "the end of an old song," and at the same time the sharpest possible satire on "sanitation," which in a few decades has made uninhabitable what had remained healthy and wholesome for hundreds of years.

Obituary. To future students of heroes *manqués*, Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria will be one of the most interesting figures of the later nineteenth century. He fought most gallantly in the Russo-Turkish War, displayed no small qualities of generalship in that between Serbia and Bulgaria, and was an able and popular ruler in very difficult circumstances. Then came the strange incident of his kidnapping by Russian agents, and the still stranger one of his own abject submission to the CZAR when M. STAMBULOFF had triumphantly restored him—a series of transactions which, while it left an indelible stain on the reputation of ALEXANDER III. for justice and chivalry, may be said to have destroyed that of the Prince for resolution and fortitude. In other respects, however, he conducted himself blamelessly in his private station as an Austrian officer, married for love and bearing the simple title of Count HARTENAU, and it may well be that the last years of his short life were in many ways the happiest.—Lord EBURY's life had covered nearer thrice than twice the span of Prince ALEXANDER's; but the lines of its ninety-three years had been curiously different. The nearest connexion of Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR (as he was best known to the older generation) with wars and rumours of war was when he actually provoked a riot, and nearly provoked something worse, by his attempt to stop all Sunday trading by Act of Parliament. He was, indeed, though a most conscientious and amiable fanatic, a fanatic of the narrowest kind; and in carrying out the Evangelicalism which occupied all his thoughts, he would not have hesitated to break up the Church of England, or risk a revolution. Fortunately his abilities were but moderate, though his influence at one time was considerable, and long before his death he had lost all power for harm, while he retained the credit of antique faith and loyalty to his convictions and creeds, even in the eyes of those who found those creeds and convictions poor and mistaken enough.

THE AFGHAN MISSION.

ALTHOUGH we have as yet no detailed or official statement of the results of Sir MORTIMER DURAND's mission to the Ameer ABDUL RAHMAN, we know enough to assure us that it has been, for a mission of its kind, exceptionally successful. "To-morrow is a new day," of course; and we shall allow any one who thinks it worth while to remind us that fickleness, to use no harsher word, is not an unknown trait in the Afghan character. But everybody knows all that; and if we are not to be satisfied with the settlement of to-day because we know not what to-morrow may bring forth, we shall certainly pass our time in a most unnecessarily uncomfortable fashion.

In the exact contrary to the famous fable of the anecdote, the mission to Cabul may be said to have been well planned, well begun, well conducted, and well finished. It was in the circumstances undoubtedly right to dispense with escort. When you are going to impose probably distasteful terms on a recalcitrant ally who is more than half an enemy, it is, no doubt, wise to treat his country as an enemy's in the way of self-protection; but that was not the present case. And to have gone to Cabul with any escorting force short of an army would have been to provoke ill-humour in the beginning, and not to make safety certain in the end. As for such terms as we hear of, they appear to be satisfactory. The rather active "claims" which the AMEER had put in to meddle with Bajaur, and the vaguer ones which he had urged or exercised with regard to Swat and Chitral, appear to be definitely withdrawn; and this road to and from those Hindu Koosh passes, which are now of the first importance to

the Empire, is thus cleared from possible hindrances and difficulties. So, too, the AMEER's undertaking not to meddle with Waziristan confirms our hold upon the Gomul Pass, the second—if, indeed, it be the second—gate by which possible invaders from the North-West can reach the Indus, and defensive-offensive operations from India be carried on. The territory of Asmar, above Jellalabad, which we resign to ABDUL RAHMAN, is of no great moment to us; and, though the manner in which his susceptibilities about the terminus of the Khojak railway has been soothed is not clear, the fact is asserted. It would appear, therefore, that the wards of the locks of India, from Hunza to Beloochistan, have now all been adjusted to our keys, and that it is our own fault if we do not keep the keys themselves bright and ready to shut or open.

Besides the question of the passes and frontier districts, it was of course anticipated that the AMEER would expect, or would at any rate receive, that "augmentation of stipend" which is always grateful to man, whether reverend or royal. In comparatively barbaric times the greater Power takes tribute from its humbler friends; at later periods it takes them into its pay. But of the matter which should be most interesting of all to hear about we hear nothing, and probably no reasonable person expected to hear much. It may be something more than assumed that Sir MORTIMER did not take leave of the AMEER without having at least discussed the subject of the debated—though, as we hold, not debateable—ground between Afghanistan and Russia. At the time when the AMEER was most in sulks with England, it was said, though not very authoritatively, nor even with much unity of tale, that he was going to use the Pamirs as a stick to beat us with. He would make separate terms with Russia about them; he would let her do what she liked with them, and refuse to play our game for us; he would instruct, or permit, his outlying subordinates to embroil the matter by picking quarrels. Out of any such mind, if it ever existed, we may be sure that Sir MORTIMER DURAND has, either by word or deed, contrived to convert ABDUL RAHMAN. But what part he is to play in the matter—that, of course, is another business. We have never ceased here to deplore the principle of patching and tinkering, of ignoring and letting slide, in this Pamir matter, which has animated more than one English Government. That we have, thanks to Simla rather than to London, for some years past done much to provide against, and check, any hostile action from these dim regions is perfectly true. But we do not see why they should be left in their dimness; and we see still less why a distinct delimitation between England and Russia, or between Bokhara and Afghanistan, if etiquette prefers it, should not take the place of the present imbroglia, which can hardly in any case make for peace, and may in very conceivable cases make directly for war. Still no doubt even the published arrangements with the AMEER contribute to the strengthening of the defences and preparations to which we have referred; and it may well be that the unpublished articles of the agreement tend in the same way, but go a little further on it.

LORD ROSEBURY'S COMPROMISE.

THE rapidity with which a temporary *modus vivendi* was arranged between the two parties to the meeting at the Foreign Office last Friday may be taken to prove that both were tired of the strain and prepared to concede something for the sake of a suspension of the struggle. If miners and owners continue in that disposition, and are really only anxious for a plausible excuse for continuing to make concessions, this

temporary settlement may become a permanent one. As yet the danger of a renewal of the strike is not altogether over. The shouting was not ended before Mr. PICKARD was threatening again, and as loudly as ever. Speaking on Monday at Barnsley, he accused some of the owners of not carrying out the decision of the London Conference. Some of them, he said, were not allowing parts of the collieries, and occasionally whole pits, to resume work. He added that, if this meant that 50,000 or 60,000 were to be out of work all the winter, he "should advise that the whole of the men" be brought out." Now, if this means that owners who cannot work pits, or parts of them, at a profit, are to be expected to bear a loss under penalty of another strike, Mr. PICKARD may well prove to be right in his opinion that the end would not be "so quiet as they had hoped." Mr. PICKARD, it must not be forgotten, is in the strong position of the prophet who can do much to fulfil his own prophecies.

According to the terms of the agreement, each party concedes and gains something, while each entertains the hope that it will ultimately obtain more. The masters agree to take the men back at the old rate of wages, which for the time being is an undoubted gain for the strikers. They have maintained all along that they would not submit to any form of reduction of the rate, and so far they have been as good as their word. On the other hand, the miners have agreed to the appointment of a Board of Conciliation, with power to fix the rate of wages on, and from, the 1st of next February. The nomination of such a Board as this was one of the proposals made by the owners at the former unsuccessful meeting, and was then most pertinaciously resisted by Mr. PICKARD, except on the condition that the Board was not to have any authority to reduce wages below a minimum to be fixed by the men. The constitution, too, of the Board agrees with the scheme of the mine-owners. It is to consist of equal numbers of representatives of both sides, with a Chairman to be elected by themselves, or, in case they fail to agree, to be nominated by the SPEAKER. On the suppositions that the Board is to be a reality, that the Chairman is to be really independent, and that the men are honestly resolved to abide by his decision if it is unfavourable to themselves, then they have made a concession more considerable than the masters, because more likely to be permanent in its effects. It is at least a probable opinion that the arbitrator may be convinced by the evidence put before him that the condition of the trade does call for a reduction of the rate of wages to something approaching, or even actually reaching, the standard of 1888. The men have been committed by their delegates to accept his decision; and, in the not impossible, or even improbable, case that it is what we have described, then they will find that all they have gained at the expense of seventeen weeks of entire loss of wages, and the expenditure of all the funds of their Union, is the enjoyment of the late rate for about ten weeks. This the masters can well afford to give for the short time during which the artificial high price of coal caused by the strike will last.

This will, in the case supposed, be the result to the men themselves. As for what the strike has meant to the country, that was compactly and not unfairly put by the member of Lord R. CHURCHILL's audience at Bradford who summed up the "teaching" of the strike in the formula "Two bob a hundredweight." Two shillings a hundredweight, and all that price means—distress to the poor, the stoppage of mills, the loss of railway profits and of foreign trade, which carries with it loss to shipping—these have been the results of the determination of the men of one trade

to extort a rate of wages in defiance of the market. Nor can there be any certainty that we have seen the end of the folly. It has yet to be shown that the miners will submit to an unfavourable decision from the arbitrator. On that point there are many reasons for uncertainty, such as the utter helplessness of the men in the hands of the "organization," the genuine or professed belief of the wire-pullers of the Unions that prices can be, and ought to be, kept up for the sake of wages, and the weighty consideration that, for the labour leader, the difference between strike, and no strike, is not a question of wages or short commons, but of importance or obscurity.

A PIONEER OF ENGLAND.

IT will not be a misfortune if such attention as Englishmen can spare from the all-important questions of upsetting their well-trying system of local government for a scheme of bookish theoretic, and devising means whereby a man and a half may live lazily on a wage-fund which will keep one who works his best, should be diverted to Captain LUGARD's *The Rise of Our African Empire* (BLACKWOOD). Its goodly bulk of more than twelve hundred pages, diversified by abundant illustrations from the author's drawings, and by some quite admirable maps due to Mr. RAVENSTEIN, presents opportunities for an almost embarrassing variety of comment. Captain LUGARD does not merely recount his own remarkable exploits, though he does this with very considerable literary skill and in a tone neither bumptious nor sham-modest. He discusses, he advises, he criticizes and corrects. He has given, indeed, a sort of encyclopædia of African travel, colonization, government, illustrated by his own experiences, rather than a bare record of those experiences themselves.

The points that we shall here select in recommending the book most heartily to very different classes of readers—almost any one of whom will find something, while a few, we hope, will find all, suited to their tastes—are two; the character of Captain LUGARD's own achievements, and the light which his experiences throw on the question of African colonization. We have called him in the title of this article a pioneer; and this he is eminently. He has a good deal of the pioneer's ill-luck—if, indeed, "the wages of going" "on" are to be called ill-luck—which dooms him to be superseded, to see others reaping where he has sown, and wielding ample power where he worked with scanty means. Mr. JOHNSTON rules where the Captain fought for life in Nyassaland, and Sir GERALD PORTAL is on his way home after, we trust, a complete settlement, where the Captain first made a lodgment in Uganda. But this is the lot of such men, and it is scarcely a hard one, for it leaves them free to do what they were born to do. And of them, more than, perhaps, of any other class of her sons, is the Kingdom of England.

Those whose attention was first called to Captain LUGARD by his brave doings on Lake Nyassa, some five or six years ago, will not have forgotten the gallant stand at "KARONGA'S," and a most interesting account of it will be found here. But, of course, Captain LUGARD's conduct in Uganda and Unyoro, where he stood in the gap commissioned, but not very well supported, by the unlucky British East Africa Company, and where the combined wisdom and daring of his action saved the country from French and from Mohammedan domination, are of fresher date, of more present interest, and, to a certain extent, of greater importance. It is true that they have in their turn been in some degree superseded by the more recent action of Sir GERALD PORTAL; but that action was only made possible, and was to a great extent conditioned, by them. We say deliberately that, in a

succession of very difficult situations and operations, Captain LUGARD seems to us to have, on the whole, behaved with as much judgment as gallantry, and to have undoubtedly saved the country for England, if England cares to take it. It is supposed to be unpleasant to be between the Devil and the Deep Sea; but these, after all, are only two. Captain LUGARD's more polygonic array of enemies included the French missionaries (who were consciously and, we fear we must say, very disingenuously hostile), the English missionaries (whose conduct was, to say the least, not irreproachable), the feeble and fickle King MWANGA, the bandit chief KABBA REGA of Unyoro, and the very uncertain quantity of the Egyptian troops left behind by EMIN in the Equatorial Provinces. He played the game against or with them all with admirable pluck and skill, and there can be no doubt that, had his Company been a less rotten reed to rely on, he would have played it with success as complete and lasting as it actually was brilliant. And the lesson of his book in both its chapters—as we may call them—is that, if African colonization is not to be left by England to other nations, she must pursue it in a less halting fashion, and with less makeshift instruments, than has too often been the case. On the Company plan, as such, it cannot be said that Captain LUGARD throws much light, one way or the other. No doubt *his* Company failed, but that was because it was hampered by unwise restrictions, because it did not start with money enough, and because (we must add) its directors never seem to have made up their mind what hare they were hunting, or whether they meant to pursue any particular puss to the end. On the other hand, the Royal Niger Company has made a solid, and the South Africa Company appears to be making something like a grandiose, affair by pursuing opposite courses under better stars. This is the most instant political lesson which Captain LUGARD teaches; of the pleasant pictures of his own personal achievements, of the wonderful country he sojourned in, of its sport and business, its birds and beasts, and fruits and flowers, its natives and invaders, its pleasures and its pains, which diversify and sweeten that lesson, many columns would not enable us to speak at the length they deserve.

UNION OF HEARTS IN CANADA.

“LOOK at Canada!” is the phrase with which arguments against Mr. GLADSTONE's various Home Rule schemes for Ireland have been met; and, by confusing all the circumstances and contradicting most of the facts, a spurious analogy may be made out. “Listen to Canada!” is what we should be disposed to say—or rather should have been disposed to say—if the dynamitic intentions of three officers of the 65th Battalion of Canadian Militia had taken effect. These gentlemen, all bearing French names, and one of them the son of an ex-Premier of Quebec, planned a pleasant night surprise for the city of Montreal. They had arranged to blow the NELSON Monument in Jacques-Cartier Square to atoms, with the certainty of blowing up with it the main buildings of the Square, including the hotels on either side of it and not a few of its inhabitants. The loss of life might not have fallen much short of that which marked the slaughter in the Opera-house in Barcelona, and would have been even more imbecilely wicked. The Spanish dynamiters were bent on decimating and terrorizing the classes against whom they have declared war, or rather murder; and the slaughter of the innocent non-combatants in the social struggle is even more terrifying than that of those whom their code accounts guilty. The murderous ruffians who intended to blow up the unsuspecting residents in Jacques-Cartier Square pretended to be fervent patriots in the French-Canadian sense. Yet their vic-

tims would, in the great majority of instances, probably have been French Canadians as patriotic, it may be, as themselves. The NELSON Monument must go down; and, if they perished with it, they were victims to a noble sentiment—an undying hatred of England. Happily the police of Montreal were more fortunate, in the treachery of one of the conspirators—query, a fourth officer of the 65th Battalion of the Canadian Militia—than those of Barcelona, or, we may add, of Paris or London, and Messieurs MERCIER, POLLAND, and DE MARTIGNY were seized as they were creeping to their design with the as yet unexploded dynamite cartridges in their hands. NELSON's Column still stands, and Jacques-Cartier Square is unwrecked.

The meditated crime is attributed, in the REUTER's telegram which brought the first news of it to this country, to the growing hatred of the French-Canadians to everything English. That is the inward feeling of which it was the outward expression. But a more particular cause is found in the violent language of the French-Canadian press, which has for some time been demanding the removal of the NELSON statue, in which they see a commemoration of English victories over France, in which they themselves, as a part of the Empire, had their share. Mr. ASQUITH may be asked to consider this further illustration of the value of his safety-valve theory. Mr. GLADSTONE might, perhaps, consider, if the time for consideration with him had not long passed away, how far the foiled explosion illustrates his principle of basing the union of hearts upon separation of interests and of political institutions by frontiers coinciding with the divisions of race and religion. The state of things which exists in Canada is precisely that which, by his own avowal, he desires to see established in Ireland. The evil may, perhaps, be traced back a hundred years to the Quebec Government Bill of 1791. In giving representative institutions to Canada, Mr. PITT divided it into two provinces, separating the French Catholics of Lower Canada from the English Protestants of Upper Canada. It is curious that, on this subject, Mr. Fox and Mr. PITT occupied each a position the reverse of that which they held on the Irish question—Mr. Fox contending that a separation of Parliaments, concurring with divisions of physical territory, race, and religion, carried with it the certainty of conflict and the germs of complete separation; Mr. PITT alleging that the union of hearts, and the assimilation of institutions, would be hindered if the two races and faiths faced each other in the same Parliament, and would be promoted by their separation. The subsequent course of events, in which the strife and dissension of half a century culminated in the PAPINEAU rebellion of 1840, gives some reason for believing that Mr. Fox, for once, was right, though he could not keep so when his Canadian doctrine came to be applied to Ireland; and that Mr. PITT, for once, was wrong, though he put himself so far right as not to repeat his error in his Irish policy. Before the institution of separate Legislatures the Lower and the Upper Canadians were at one with each other and loyal to England, as their conduct during the American war of independence showed. Afterwards, they were at variance with each other, and the Lower Canadians were in more or less veiled rebellion against England. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's measure of 1840, based on Lord DURHAM's Report, established a united Legislature with good effect. In introducing, in 1867, the Bill which organized the Dominion of Canada, Lord CARNARVON expressed a regret, which Lord RUSSELL echoed, that it was not practicable to establish a legislative instead of a merely confederated union, and manifested some apprehension as to the difficulties which a multiplicity of Parliaments might bring about. These misgivings have been to some ex-

tent justified. A separation of Parliaments, in spite of Federal Union and Imperial supremacy, has produced an alienation of feeling which almost amounts to covert insurrection. To establish a more perfect union was not then possible in Canada; and the little rift has gone on widening. To depart from an incorporating union, already in existence, between Great Britain and Ireland, is a wanton substitution of the worse for the better. The Canadian warning, that disunion of institutions means disunion of hearts, is clear and plain.

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

A MINISTERIALIST journal has made the brilliant discovery that "the natural termination of the political year is not the 31st of December, but the 31st of March"; and apparently (though we are now ceasing to quote the discoverer) that its natural commencement, at least if the current Session is a "natural" one, is not the 31st of the previous March, but the 31st of January before that. From these dates of "natural termination" and natural commencement it would seem to follow that the natural length of the political year is fourteen months. This is a little puzzling, but not half so much so as the question what the Government imagine they are going to do with the Parish Councils Bill; and it is, indeed, with a certain sense of relief that we exchange one mystery for the other. If it be true that the year does not contain fourteen months, it is at least equally true that the week does not contain twenty-one days; which it certainly ought to do to give the Government any chance of getting the Parish Councils Bill passed before Christmas. Perhaps it was under the influence of a temporary hallucination as to the number of days in the week that Mr. FOWLER obligingly promised to work in a Women's Suffrage Bill by way of new clause in the Government measure. Without this addition, and with about thrice the amount of time before them that they have, it might have been just possible for Ministers to have got the Parish Councils Bill back from the Lords, and to have considered the Lords' amendments, and to have obtained the Royal Assent by, say, Christmas Eve. As matters stand, and without incessant use of the Closure, coupled, as it would probably have to be, with a recurrence to the "compartment"—why not call it by the shorter name of the "tumbrel"?—system of applying the guillotine, it is manifestly impossible for the Government to do more than get through, say, from a third to a half of their Bill by the end of the third week of next month.

But when the Government put up Mr. FOWLER the other night to give Mr. McLAREN and his party the absurd undertaking which he had it on commission to offer, it must have been clear to every one that Ministers themselves had already abandoned all hope of getting their Bill through Parliament within the period which they were understood to have presented to themselves. Had it been otherwise, they would not have gone out of their way to encumber it with additional and highly contentious provisions. We have used the expression "gone out of their way" because it is, in our opinion, idle to pretend that their defeat on Mr. McLAREN'S Instruction left them with no alternative to the course which they have adopted. In the first place, they were not bound, as a matter of Parliamentary procedure, to take any action upon the Instruction at all; and had they chosen to warn their party that if such action were taken upon it in Committee by any section of them it would lead to the withdrawal of the Bill, it is pretty certain that even the most restive among them would have been brought back to obedience. None of them, we take it, are so

enamoured of the enfranchisement of women that they would dare to sacrifice to it the emancipation of HODGE. There can be little doubt that the whole pack would have come to heel quickly enough if the Government had shown the slightest disposition to crack the whip. But, in the next place, if the concession was to be made at all, there was no earthly reason why it should not have been limited—as the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD was at first, but erroneously, understood to have limited it. The author of the Instruction confined himself to the demand that all women who but for their sex would be qualified as electors should, "for the purposes of this Act," be entitled to vote. The amendment subsequently moved by him in effect proposed no more than that the Bill should not operate for the disfranchisement of married women who at present possess the local franchise; and had the Government thought fit to accept this amendment as thus restricted, and in the fewest words possible, it is pretty certain that they would have extricated themselves from their difficulty at the expense of a couple of hours' debate. Having thereby done enough to redeem their Bill from the reproach of being a disfranchising measure, there is little doubt that they would have successfully resisted any further pressure put upon them to convert it into an enfranchising one. So obviously, indeed, was this their simplest course, that Mr. FOWLER'S words were at first universally construed as signifying his intention to adopt it; and it was only Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S searching cross-examination which brought to light the far more ambitious design which he entertained. The PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD "wished," he artlessly said, "to be perfectly frank with the House"; and, in answer to the inquiry whether he proposed to do anything more than correct the unintentionally disfranchising Bill, he admitted the soft impeachment of contemplating a great scheme of married women's enfranchisement for the purposes of all local elections whatsoever. If it proved necessary to recommit the Bill for the purpose of obtaining power to introduce a new clause to this effect, recommitted it should be.

This means, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as reported by a Gladstonian news-purveyor, an addition of "nine days to the otherwise inevitable course of the debate"; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S "gifts of prophecy" on such a matter are assisted, adds the writhing commentator, "by opportunity for verifying his prediction." That, no doubt, is so; but, after all, who provides him with the opportunity? And why has it been provided? The answer to these two questions are respectively "The Government" and "Nobody knows." Whether the idea is to overload the Bill so monstrously as to make it founder in the House of Commons itself, or whether Ministers hope by gratuitously importing fresh contentious matter into the Bill to provoke a species of discussion which they think will give them a better excuse for using the Closure, there are at present no means of determining. But, unless something like a fight can be got up, the employment of the gag will be almost more ridiculous than odious in relation to the present Bill. The Government will be muzzling their own followers, and every tumbrel that rolls up to the guillotine will contain three times as many friends as foes. They succeeded in imposing the Closure for the first time on Wednesday afternoon, but that was upon a Conservative amendment; and their real difficulties will only begin when they get face to face with the necessity of burking whole blocks of proposals from their own side of the House. Still, if they are prepared to out-face the scandal, and to commit the "bull" of forcing the majority to force the minority to accept as perfect a

measure with which, on the showing of the notice paper, the gaggers are even more dissatisfied than the gagged, they may, no doubt, manage to carry it—some day or other.

But—even by these extraordinary methods—when? To closure debate, or that fraction of the amendments which attain to the privilege of being debated at all, and to guillotine all the rest, would but just avail, if avail it did, to get the Bill up to the Lords before the adjournment over Christmas; and the Lords themselves will undoubtedly find plenty to say about it when they meet again at the beginning of the New Year. What is then to be the Ministerial plan of procedure? Do the Government propose to select articles from the Newcastle Programme and endeavour to carry measures embodying them through the House of Commons, while the Parish Councils Bill is under consideration in another place? Even if the hopeful suggestion above referred to should prove to be a piece of experimental ballooning, and the Government should actually adopt the brilliant idea of prolonging the Session of 1893 until Easter of 1894, it is difficult to see what they would gain by it. Three months would hardly suffice for the redemption of even one of their unredeemed pledges of the bigger sort, and the remainder would be hopelessly shelved for another year. There must be some sort of interval, we suppose—say a fortnight's breathing time—between the so-called Session of 1893 and what would perhaps prove to be the equally inaptly named Session of 1894; and, this over, the House would settle down at the middle of April to debate an Address in reply to a Speech from the Throne containing all the unfulfilled part of the Newcastle Programme. Such a forecast as this seems too grotesque; and yet to reject it leaves us with only one other hypothesis explanatory of the present tactics of the Government. That is, that they mean to run the present Session as far as they can into next year, cramming into it as much vote-catching legislation as possible to go to the constituencies with, and then dissolve. If so, they will not have a very well-filled wallet to take with them to the country; but its contents will be preferable to that of another item of "personal luggage" which must necessarily accompany them. To judge from all present appearances, we shall be in a position to wish them joy of the Budget.

ANTI-IMPERIALISTS, OLD AND NEW.

IT was, no doubt, a wise reserve on the part of Mr. LECKY to exclude all reference to current political controversy from the striking address which he read the other day at the Imperial Institute. His account of the process by which the Empire has been built up, and of the spirit which begot and still strengthens it, as of that which hindered its creation and for a time threatened its cohesion, was, moreover, sufficient in itself for his immediate purpose, which we take to have been that of letting history "teach by example," and unassisted by any express attempt to apply its lessons to current affairs. Mr. LECKY's audience was, of course, a mixed one, and may very probably have contained some Gladstonians who were thanking Providence unctuously throughout his discourse that they were not as those men of Manchester whose mischievous illusions he was discussing with such acuteness and force. They do not believe, not they, in a "calico millennium"; and in their consciousness of having unlearned the political errors of the economist of fifty years ago—together, we must add, with some of his soundest doctrines—they no doubt listened without wincing to the lecturer's account of

the rise, decline, and fall of the Cobdenite creed. It was no doubt just as well that these withers should remain unwrung, and that such Gladstonians as were present among Mr. LECKY's hearers at the Imperial Institute should have been spared the terrible shock which it would have given to their complacency to be told that they themselves—at least, if they are loyal supporters of their illustrious leader—have been working, not only more actively, but with more visible effect, during the last seven or eight years, for the dissolution of the Empire than Mr. COBDEN and his followers throughout the whole political career of their party.

Yet this is precisely what might have been said to these worthy gentlemen, these good excellent partisans, to whom it seems the most natural thing in the world to put their Imperial opinions in their pocket, and vote as their local wire-pullers tell them whenever a general election comes round. Little as they may like to hear it—especially when their leader is in power, and has, to the intense disgust and comically ever-new surprise of his Radicals, to use the proper official language about the QUEEN's dominions beyond sea—they are as deeply committed to the Anti-Imperialist cause as any Free-trader of the fifties could possibly be. The main differences between them and him are two; that, as regards one-half of their opinions they do not know what they mean, and as regards the other they do not mean what they say, whereas the Free-trader of the fifties spoke with perfect self-comprehension and entire sincerity throughout. He did really and truly desire a peaceful resolution of the Empire into its component parts, believing that Great Britain, with her colonies and dependencies all detached from her and from each other, would be happier and more prosperous as separate States in the "Federation of the World"—distinct constituencies, so to speak, of the vast electorate which was to return the "Parliament of Man." There would soon have been "gerrymandering" of some of these constituencies; but this by the way. The theory was, at any rate, an intelligible one; and the Cobdenite understood it and believed in it. The contemporary Gladstonian does not believe in this theory; but he has no other on which to justify his support of a statesman who, though he showed mild leanings to Manchesterism a generation ago, has nowadays neither love nor hate for the Empire, but merely an equal willingness to uphold or overthrow it as the party interests of the hour may dictate. From 1886 until his return to office last year, when, as we have said, he has had to resume the decent official attitude on the subject—he has been associated with a political faction which detests the Empire, and in his desperate struggle to regain power he has deliberately set to work to encourage Particularism and to foment racial jealousies wherever he saw his account in doing so, among any of the communities subject to the QUEEN. Of course this malignant activity—as is the way with most malignant things—has had results extending far beyond the immediate sphere of Mr. GLADSTONE's operations. We are witnessing its effects to-day among the French Canadians at Quebec, as to-morrow we shall be "sampling" them doubtless in some other portion of our dominions. Why, after all, should not any one of those peoples under an "alien rule" of whom Mr. GLADSTONE has said so many beautiful things, make bold to demolish a public square with dynamite, in order to remove a statue so placed as to offend their susceptibilities? It is to the labours of the "respectable" Gladstonians' immortal chief that we owe, and shall owe, the multiplication of this sort of question; and the respectable one has assisted him in those labours, not because in his respectable mind he approves of blowing up public squares, or even dislikes the Empire, but simply because it is Mr. GLADSTONE's way

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of getting his party back to office, and this loyal follower feels it to be his duty—when he is not listening with much edification to Mr. LECKY—to vote with the party.

LORD BUTE AT ST. ANDREWS.

LORD BUTE'S Rectorial Address at St. Andrews dealt with St. Andrews historically, and led up to one of the quaintest functions ever seen since the days of LAURENCE of Lindores. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on a company who would have made JOHN KNOX rage, and would have maddened ANDREW MELVILLE. "Liberty of conscience," so hateful to Reformers and Covenanters, had a holiday. On Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SALISBURY the degree was inflicted in their absence. As the Public Orator is not precisely a Gladstonian, his sturdy efforts to speak kindly of the PRIME MINISTER were received with undisguised delight. A Free Kirk and an Auld Kirk dignitary were absent also. But an Archimandrite, in the remarkable hat of his order, was made Doctor of Music; he did not, however, oblige with a song. Then came Science in Dr. HUGGINS, who has estimated the velocity of the fixed stars. A Jesuit historian, Father STEVENSON, followed, and a Greek gentleman, described as "the first novelist, essayist, and poet of his country." On the whole, as was profanely remarked, the University "had a very mixed bag." Medes, Parthians, and Elamites may all look out now for honorary degrees.

Lord BUTE'S very interesting and erudite address dealt with a past when the Archimandrite, the Presbyterian, the Jesuit, and the scientific gentleman would only have met each other at the stake or in the torture-chamber. Lord BUTE began with the half-mythical CEANNECH, and REGULUS, and Pictish kings, and the Culdees, who lived rather a jolly life, and once killed a gentleman in church. As to the relics of ST. ANDREW himself, Lord BUTE gave some reasons for thinking that they may have been genuine—"and what for no?" But he did not dwell strongly on this point, his object, as he said, being to attain impartiality. He gave an amusing account of his earlier efforts in this direction. Thus, he wrote an essay on the prophecies of a certain Irish MALACHI. Some of his critics asked "how he could believe in such rubbish," while others remarked that, even if MALACHI is not genuine, it was a pity to hurt the feelings of good people who believe in him. Again, when he attempted to ascertain whether GIORDANO BRUNO was or was not burned, one reviewer said that he "strained every nerve to prove that GIORDANO was *not* burned," while Lord BUTE'S own impression was that GIORDANO did suffer in the Field of Flowers. Carrying this impartial spirit into Scotch history, Lord BUTE doubted whether KNOX'S mob *did* ding down the Cathedral. Probably they did not. They only robbed and desecrated it, and stripped the lead off the roof; that was all! But they undeniably destroyed the Black Friars. "The Reformation is something violent," said KNOX to CECIL. Next Lord BUTE said that the nobles did not rob the Church, or not much. In that case both KNOX and the Papal Legate agreed, for once, in saying what was not true. Next, the Scotch Reformation was mild in comparison with the English. It appears that only nineteen persons were martyred by the Church, and six by the Kirk; HENRY VIII. would have expended twenty-five martyrs in a month. But the ferocity was kept for witches, and Covenanters, as Lord BUTE said, and, we may add, for Cavaliers. However, the Lord Rector thought that ARGYLL, JOHNSTON of Warriston, and the Ministers of the bloody St. Andrews Parliament, after Philiphaugh, displayed some degree of modera-

tion when they executed Sir ROBERT SPOTTISWOODE and his companions. As for the butchery of the Irish, perhaps that has been exaggerated, and it is no matter for marvel after the massacre of Aberdeen. Thus Lord BUTE let all parties down rather easily, though to kill men who surrendered on promise of quarter is usually thought a strong measure. The only person whom he spoke of with some asperity was the Chancellor of the University in 1746, WILLIAM, Duke of CUMBERLAND, called the Butcher. Him the general tenderness of Lord BUTE seemed unable quite to forgive. On the other hand, he recounted many pleasing traits in the character of the Antipope, PETER DE LUNA. This unlucky pontiff had scarcely anybody except the Scotch on his side, and even the University of St. Andrews, which he founded, threw him over. By a pardonable stretch of patriotism, Lord BUTE described the situation of St. Andrews as much more beautiful than that of Oxford, "in a damp hole, by a small and sluggish stream." As far as links go, Oxford is certainly inferior; but St. Andrews can hardly boast of anything like the view of Magdalen from Magdalen Bridge. The most eloquent, and indeed poetical, passage of the address was a contrast between the Sea of Galilee, where ST. ANDREW fished, and the Northern sea, beside which two or three of his fingers and a piece of his arm possibly repose. Lord BUTE had a somewhat difficult task to fulfil in a town of ruins, where the only verdict on all parties is "hang them all." But he managed to grate on the feelings of none but such extreme Whigs as boast a cult of WILLIAM, Duke of CUMBERLAND, who, after all, was a stark man. The tolerance displayed by the town in not destroying Archbishop SHARP'S "blatant monument" may be exaggerated. The town draws a yearly sum of money as long as it keeps the monument in repair. The bones, we believe, were cast to the winds long ago.

THE NAVY SCARE.

THE completion of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S building programme leaves us, speaking in general terms, in this position as to number of ships. We have about as many battle-ships as France and Russia combined, and twice as many cruisers. A long series of historical transactions and the formation of the terraqueous globe have also caused it to happen that we have a more central geographical position than these possible enemies, are better supplied with coal and coaling stations, and would have, in case of a war with them, the advantage which belongs to a homogeneous force as against a coalition of widely different races, characters, languages, and interests. It would appear, then, that any attack made upon us by these strange allies would be for them a hazardous operation of most uncertain result. They could not attack any vital part of us with superior force unless the utmost imbecility was shown by our Government and the most gross incompetence by our officers, while any temporary success they might earn in remote regions could not permanently affect the real sources of our power. It is true that we hear a great deal of French and Russian ships building and ordered to be built, and that France is working hard to make up the time lost through Admiral AUBE'S mania for torpedo-boats. If during the next five years we build no more ships, France and Russia will get well ahead of us in number of vessels. Some fear that this will happen does, apparently, haunt the minds of the general staff of scare. But, although we entertain no great admiration for the present Cabinet, we cannot help considering this a somewhat violent supposition.

The justification for the extreme nervousness displayed in some quarters is really to be found among

"the beauties of our party system." It has come to be the tradition that the navy cannot get attended to without a preliminary agitation. Much, then, of the language heard on these occasions must be taken to be of the nature of the exhortatory adjectives and hollowness of a carter with a troublesome team. The worst of it is that this kind of human speech is commonly more noisy than significant. It fixes on an obvious consideration, and roars. It is clear to the meanest capacity that a ship is a ship, and that five is more than three; but not equally obvious that three well-manned ships are better than five ill-manned, and yet it is a fact proved by a universal experience. It is equally certain that, unless we take effective measures in time to provide officers and men, any mere increase in the number of our vessels will do us more harm than good. We have barely men and officers enough for the ships we have. As it takes longer to train officers and men than to build ships, the businesslike course would appear to be to begin with the longest first. In the old navy, the press supplied us with the indispensable minimum of prime seamen required by the navy. Now we not only have no press-gang, but it would not secure us the necessary men if it could be used, since the merchant service does not train the gunners and artificers, who are the modern equivalent of the prime seaman. They must be trained in time, if we are to have them when they are wanted. The men take longer to form than the ship to build, and they are even more difficult to replace. If, then, we are to set about greatly increasing the navy, let us begin to get our officers and crews ready. Let us have the increase by all means, but on the condition that it is a real increase of effective force, and not a mere addition to the existing list of vast and complicated machines, which are worse than useless, except in highly-trained hands.

It is only too likely that this consideration, obvious as it is, will be lost sight of amid all this hullabaloo about what the Russ intends and what the French. Drawing gloomy pictures of impending disaster, and of wars conducted with the strategy of the lunatic asylum, is so much easier, and lends itself so much more readily to rhetoric, than weighing facts and thinking. Other considerations of great importance which are like to be forgotten—if not deliberately concealed—will strike any one who takes the trouble to read the full text of the Minutes of the *Victoria* Court-martial, and the Admiralty's comment thereon. He will learn that the system of water-tight compartments on which we are to rely to keep our ships afloat after ramming cannot be fully used till the last moment, and must then be worked by men called from the batteries, the engine-room, and the very wheel. And this has to be done by a ship's company which has in all probability been largely diminished by an enemy's fire, and is called upon to strain every nerve to keep him off, by cannon shot and torpedoes. It is the mere dream of a mechanician without imagination enough to realize the conditions of battle. It is even more disturbing to learn from the Minutes that the greatest doubt seems to exist in the minds of officers as to the qualities of the ships they are expected to handle, as to the meaning of orders given them, and the rules they are bound to obey. Captain after captain is found confessing that he does not know the turning circle of his own ship. There were open differences of opinion as to whether the rule of the road applies in manœuvres, and a whole body of officers was found to give an interpretation to Admiral TRYON's order which the Admiralty has censured as incorrect. All this—and there is much more—indicates the existence of a great deal of slovenliness and confusion, which it would be well to clear up.

An examination of the Minutes of the *Victoria*

Court-martial, and of the Admiralty Minute upon it, has completed the conversion of many to the belief that this tribunal is, in its present condition, a most inefficient form of machinery for the purpose of getting at truth or clearing up confusion. We do not ask a court-martial to be a court in the English sense of the word—that is to say, an umpire who presides over a judicial combat conducted with arguments and evidence instead of sticks or lances, and duly consigns the loser to disparagement. It is an inquisition appointed to get at the truth. Nor would it be fair to blame the gallant officers who compose these bodies because they do not possess that power of sticking to the point, and that thorough understanding of the relevance of evidence which we at least look for in the trained judicial investigator. But, unless this court is to be allowed to become a farce, it must really be asked not to omit all notice of important elements of the matter it is investigating. Now the Admiralty has declared that this was done in the *Howe* Court-martial, and it has certainly been the case with the Court-martial on the officers and men of the *Victoria*. It is the belief of many competent authorities that the collision might have been avoided if full use had been made of the *Camperdown's* twin-screws and helm. From one passage in their Minute it appears that the Admiralty is of this opinion. But, if this is so, a crushing responsibility rests upon Admiral MARKHAM and Captain JOHNSTONE. Why was no notice taken of this by the Court-martial? The answer that it was not trying Admiral MARKHAM is not enough. The Court was to inquire into the circumstances of the loss of the *Victoria*, of which the alleged failure of these officers to make full use of the powers of the *Camperdown* was, at least, conceivably one. Moreover, the Court deprived itself of the right to make this answer, first, by warning Admiral MARKHAM that his conduct was likely to be called in question; then by putting him on the footing of a prisoner, and allowing him to put questions to the witnesses; finally, by passing what was really, though not technically, a reprimand upon him in its finding. It is impossible to understand the rule by which the Court was guided. Either it was entitled to take notice of the conduct of Admiral MARKHAM, though no charge had been brought against him, and he was not on trial—or it was not. In the latter case it should have taken no notice of him, except as a witness. In the former, it was bound to take all the circumstances into consideration. The Admiralty, by rebuking Captain JOHNSTONE, has shown that there was every whit as much reason for bringing his conduct into account as the Admiral's. Yet no word was said of him by the Court-martial. The case, as we understand it, is this. The circle made in evolutions is fixed at a figure which is above the minimum turning circle of the worst-turning ship in the fleet, in order that all may have a margin of safety to draw on in case of need. The need arose from the moment that the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* began to turn in. Therefore, the margin should have been drawn upon in time. This was not done, and, therefore, the collision happened. If this is so, we cannot understand why neither the Court-martial nor the Admiralty have taken any notice of so vital a consideration, nor can we understand upon what ground any officer is to be court-martialled for losing a ship in future if Admiral MARKHAM and Captain JOHNSTONE escape.

COLLECTORS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

RAJAH BROOKE finds that the zeal of the collector is eating him up. Many species of fauna and flora which used to abound in Sarawak are threatened with extinction, and he has issued an order, while it is yet time, excluding all the race. Doubtless this strong measure is provoked

by the agents of the great firms, native and foreign, which import orchids. But at the present day almost every collector is commissioned to look after these plants on occasion, whatever his special pursuit may be; by the sale of them it is hoped to clear expenses, so that the birds or beasts or insects will cost nothing. If not instructed, the collector is sure to work more or less on his own account. The hope of profit is usually disappointed, in the case of amateurs, but that is no consolation. No doubt, also, many species of fauna stand in peril as is stated. Animals of any class, excepting monkeys and wild pigs, are comparatively rare in Sarawak, and it is the rarest, of course, which those enterprising individuals demand. Were they left to their own exertions there would not be the slightest need to interfere. Officers of the Rajah's Government have spent half a lifetime at out stations without seeing a Palandok (*Moschus Kanchil*) or even a Kijang (*Cervus Muntjak*) in the open. But they employ the Dyaks, who beat miles of forest, driving every creature therein to the nets; and they cover the soil with traps and snares.

It is education of the natives—almost universal now—which causes the mischief. When Sir Hugh Low collected orchids in Sarawak, he looked for no help from the Dyaks, unless to climb a tree, when the object itself had been discerned and pointed out. He tells us how he paddled slowly up and down the rivers, armed with a field-glass, content to scrutinize the trees on either hand. That was in the glorious time, nearly fifty years ago, when every showy species was worth securing. Malays and Dyaks distinguished one *angrec* from another only in so far as its bloom was more or less effective for decoration. There are plenty among them now who could furnish our gardeners with valuable hints upon habitat and manner of growth. They know what Europeans are likely to want, they recognize descriptions, they keep their eyes about them always, and they never forget. The collector's work has become easy nowadays. If it were not for the look of the thing, one who put no conscience into his business might remain at the capital and give out orders for this or that in certain quantities, as for any other produce. Some have done so, if unanimous reports may be credited, in South America especially; but the very great majority take far too much interest in their pursuit. Moreover, the Dyaks do not wait for orders. Many of them will gather a plant which they know to be rare or saleable, and keep it till a purchaser comes that way. But a thousand to one it will be dead.

The plan of operation under these circumstances is as simple as could be. A collector does not generally roam at large in these days. He is sent out to obtain as many plants as possible of a certain species—an uncommon one, naturally—and he has instructions where to look for it. Reaching the ground, he makes his bargain with the natives; ten cents to a dollar in money or goods, according to circumstances, for every specimen, big or little. Forthwith the men depart. He, meanwhile, builds a staging of bamboos in some spot lightly shaded, upon which to dry his plants; this done, he may follow the searchers—which is wisest—or he may look round for himself. In Columbia and New Granada and those parts, the most frequented hunting grounds, the system is complete. All the land there appears to be claimed by somebody, who leases out such portion as the agent is willing or able to take. It is a grave legal document—engrossed, and sealed, and witnessed—giving him authority to gather orchids over such space of land. Then he engages peons, by the day, to work his property. The Oriental practice of paying so much for a specimen, big or little, is bad, since the natives cut up every large plant to multiply the number; but the American is far worse. Unless the collector can afford to engage an overseer, paid by results, there is no hanging about the settlement for him. From dawn to dusk he must tramp after his peons, going the rounds without a pause, since they are scattered in the forest; or they will sleep half the time, and gossip or gamble half of what remains. But the system is established in either case, and it must be endured. The savage will have no change.

Collecting is done, of course, in the dry season, when plants are at rest. But in Sarawak this is only a comparative term. Though the rainy season be distinct, showers fall the year round, and plants are always growing more or less. Some, as the glorious family of Vandas, must be kept very damp through the winter, even in our stoves, where

the roots are imbedded in moss—at home they lie bare. So great is the rainfall even in the dry season; but, of course, we must remember the parching effect of our artificial heat. To remove plants so full of sap, attached by a hundred ligatures, is cruel work. Natives cannot be trusted to persevere in using gentle means. In truth, they are not greatly to be blamed, for sitting astride a branch in tropic sunshine, with ants more or less venomous swarming to the attack, whilst one slowly disengages yards and yards of root, is a task for saints and martyrs rather than for savage men. Accordingly, a collector is tempted to fell the tree which bears a quantity of good orchids or one fine specimen, and science, always ready to give aid for mischief, has provided him with a mighty convenient apparatus in the chain-saw. It is in Columbia, however, the home of the Odontoglots, that tree-felling is most disastrous. Those plants never rest at all; it can only be said that they grow more freely at certain seasons. And, as Roehl observed, they are hardly ever found at a greater altitude than thirty-five feet, never at a lower altitude than twenty; it may be remarked in passing that this strange habit is well worth investigation. We can no longer say that Odontoglots will not propagate in Europe, since MM. Bleu and Moreau and Jacob—the last of whom has charge of M. Edmond de Rothschild's orchids at Armainvilliers—have proved that it can be done, in France at least. But the extreme difficulty of the operation may well be connected with this natural daintiness. To resume. The trees on which Odontoglots are found have no such prodigious girth as those of the East. It is not the exception, but the invariable rule, to cut them down. The estimate of "Reichenbachia" that a tree has fallen for every three bits of *Odontoglossum crispum* in cultivation may seem startling to those who see ten thousand on the shelves of a single amateur, but assuredly it is not exaggerated. Whole districts are disforested already. If the governments of those miserable republics were civilized, collectors would have been forbidden long since.

Some of the most glorious species are so nearly exterminated that it is not worth while to send for them. The island of Santa Katarina has been absolutely cleared of *Lalia elegans*, saving a few which dwell in inaccessible spots; and this lovely plant does not exist elsewhere. The finest varieties of *Lalia purpurata* have shared the same fate. *Cattleya citrina* can hardly be found. The true *Cattleya labiata*, rediscovered only three years ago, has been so ruthlessly gathered that the last collector scarcely paid expenses. Decidedly it is time to interfere. Rajah Brooke is not first to move, though no Government hitherto has ventured to issue such a resolute order. Some five years ago the Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon forbade the exportation of *Dendrobium McCarthyi*. In most of the Dutch colonies a licence is needed, which the foreigner at least cannot always obtain. The Government of Venezuela also has lately imposed a licence fee of 100 dollars, and an export duty of two cents on each plant. But much stronger measures are necessary, and all intelligent lovers of the orchid who know the danger will congratulate Rajah Brooke on his bold resolve.

MONEY MATTERS.

NOW that the coal strike is over, we may reasonably hope for a gradual improvement in trade. A very quick and very great increase in activity is not to be looked for, and indeed is not desirable. But that a better state of things is beginning we venture to predict. It will probably be in the recollection of our readers that during the first four months of the year the exports continued to fall off. But the falling-off was small compared with the decline previously since the Baring crisis. In the following three months—May, June, and July—there was a small increase, from which it was reasonably inferred that the decline in our foreign trade, due to the crisis through which the world has been passing for three years, had come to an end. Unfortunately the coal strike began at the end of July, and has lasted until the beginning of this week. Then a fresh and very serious falling-off in our trade began. The strike alone is not accountable for the whole of the shrinkage. Part of it was due to the Currency crisis in the United States, which for the moment paralysed every industry in that country, and another part doubt-

less was due to the depreciation in silver, affecting the silver-using countries generally, and to the consequences of the banking panic in Australia in the spring. But a very considerable proportion of the decline was, no doubt, due to the strike, which made the great instrument of production artificially dear and scarce, and thereby threw every business in the country out of gear. Now both coal-owners and miners will be anxious to increase the output, the former because they have cleared off the stocks that had accumulated at the pits' mouths, and the latter because they have earned nothing for four months. Consequently coal will very soon become abundant and cheap, the full railway service will be resumed, and every industry will proceed as in normal times. Ever since the Baring crisis traders of all kinds have been allowing their stocks to run low; prices have been falling, and the outlook everywhere was uncertain, and in many directions was threatening. People, therefore, bought as little as possible, and kept on hand very much less than usual. During the strike there has been a further draft upon the stocks held, so that now the stocks in traders' hands are unusually small. These stocks will have to be replenished, and that in itself will give a stimulus to the great industries of the country. There are signs, too, of a recovery abroad. In the first quarter of the year, out of twenty-five of the principal foreign countries that buy from our own country, as many as seventeen bought less than in the first quarter of last year, and the unenumerated countries also bought less. But in the third quarter of the year, in spite of the coal strike, seventeen of the principal countries bought more, and the unenumerated countries likewise bought more. It will be seen that there has been a complete change in our relations with our foreign customers. Practically all of them were buying less than last year in the first three months from New Year's Day to the 31st of March; practically all of them were buying more from the 1st of July to the 30th of September. There were two notable exceptions. Most important of the two was the United States. The Currency crisis there, as already said, paralysed every industry, and as a natural consequence there was a great falling off in the demand for British goods. The crisis is now over, and confidence is gradually reviving. After a while, then, American purchases will increase. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the reform of the tariff is to be taken in hand immediately, and until that is completed it is not probable that the imports of European goods will be on a large scale. But still there will be imports, and we may reasonably conclude that the imports will be larger than they were during the height of the crisis. The United States, then, in the immediate future will not be a very large purchaser; but, on the other hand, it will not curtail its purchases as much as it did in the third quarter of this year. The second notable exception to the general improvement abroad, as seen in our exports, is in the case of Australasia. The banking crisis has left our colonies exhausted for the time being. Unfortunately, we can hardly look for so rapid a revival at the Antipodes as in the United States, for the whole of the banks that failed have been reconstructed, and the world is convinced that there are too many banks, that they all cannot get business, and that consequently there can be no great improvement in the position. If the banks themselves would recognize this; if those of them that have really a sound business would amalgamate, and those of them that are hopelessly discredited would liquidate, we do not doubt that the recovery in the Colonies would be rapid and satisfactory. But while the discredit of the banks continues, revival does not seem at all probable. But though neither the United States nor Australasia can be expected to be very large purchasers of our goods in the immediate future, we may reasonably anticipate that the better demand which has sprung up in most other foreign countries will gradually become more pronounced, and that, therefore, while there will be greater activity at home to replenish stocks that have been allowed to run down too much, there will also be greater activity in the foreign trade to supply the improving demand of our foreign customers.

The money market continues very sensitive. The recent rumours respecting the Bank of England, though they have been shown to be greatly exaggerated, have disturbed the market. There are fears, too, of several commercial failures consequent upon the banking panic in Australia early in the year, and the depreciation of silver is

likewise causing apprehension respecting Eastern houses. Bankers and bill-brokers, therefore, are unwilling to engage in new risks, and the amount of business doing is exceedingly small.

On Wednesday the India Council offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and succeeded in allotting the whole at 1s. 3½d. per rupee, almost entirely in transfers. The Council has likewise sold a considerable amount on other days by private contract. Our readers have been prepared for some time past to expect a good demand for the Council's drafts, and the probability is that the demand will continue active until May, at all events, for now the export season in India has begun. The price of silver oscillates between 32d. and 32½d. per oz.

There was some recovery in the American market on Wednesday, caused by a report that Messrs. Drexel Morgan had undertaken the reorganization of the Union Pacific Railway Company. It is quite true that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the head of the firm, has been requested to undertake the task, and that he has attended meetings at which not only the Government, but the principal other parties interested, were represented. It is expected that Mr. Morgan will accede to the request made; but it will take some time, probably, before he quite makes up his mind—at all events, it will take a considerable time to mature a satisfactory plan. There is also a report that Messrs. Drexel Morgan are about to take in hand the reorganization of the Erie Railway Company. We can only repeat the advice we have so often given to our readers, to be very wary how they invest just now in the American market. They should distrust all the sanguine reports from New York. That the worst of the crisis is over is perfectly true, and that we may reasonably hope for a gradual recovery is likewise true. But improvement will come slowly, and there may be several unfavourable incidents yet. At all events, it is altogether too early for an active speculation; and, if one is attempted, it will certainly break down before very long. At home the end of the coal strike has encouraged buying of home railway stocks. We have always been of opinion that the recent fall was unjustified, and we still think that higher prices are probable. But investors should bear carefully in mind that the losses caused to the Companies by the strike are very serious, and that consequently the next dividends must be very unfavourable. If they bear that in mind, they should remember, on the other hand, that a strike of such magnitude is a very exceptional phenomenon, and that for a series of years the return given by good Home Railway stocks is satisfactory. Much activity in the market, however, is not likely, while the money market continues so sensitive, and while the Trust crisis is unended. As we point out above, there is every prospect now of a gradual and slow improvement in trade, and confidence no doubt will revive by-and-by. But until the year is over apprehension will probably continue. Upon the Continent the great bankers are doing their utmost to support prices; and the statement made by the French Prime Minister is regarded as very satisfactory. Still the crisis in Italy continues, and the crisis in Spain is growing worse and worse every day. There is a report that it is intended to pay some of the Government guarantees on Spanish railway obligations in silver or paper instead of gold. Whether the report is premature or not, it is only too probable that the Government, in the end, will have to resort to some such measure. On the other hand, operators on the Continental Bourses are very hopeful that the coming Conversion of the French Four and a Half per Cents will stimulate business. It is expected that the Conversion will take place about the middle of February, that the existing bonds will not be altered in any respect, but that the interest for seven or eight years will be reduced to about 3½ or 3¾ per cent. If the expectation is realized, the Conversion, no doubt, will be a great success, assuming that peace is maintained; but whether it will bring business to the Bourse remains to be seen. It is evident, for one thing, that, if a new obligation of the French Government is obtainable at par which bears interest at from 3½ to 3¾ per cent., the old Three per Cents are dear at 99. But, if the old Threes are sold upon a large scale, the Bourse will certainly be disturbed. The intelligence from Australia is not satisfactory. There are no signs yet of a recovery in any direction, while several commercial failures are apprehended. The news likewise

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from the silver-using countries is bad. Every one is looking for a further fall in silver, and therefore for greater derangement of the trade with those countries.

The rise in sound securities, which has been going on for a long time in consequence of the general distrust, has made marked progress this week. Consols closed on Thursday at 98 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$. Metropolitan Board of Works Three per Cents closed at 104 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$, and Indian Three per Cents closed at par, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. As the India Council has begun to sell its drafts, it may be noted that there has been a rise during the week in Rupee Paper of $\frac{1}{4}$; they closed on Thursday at 66 $\frac{1}{2}$. Australian Government stocks have also risen. Queensland Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 92, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Victoria Three and a Half closed also at 92, likewise a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and New South Wales closed at 94, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Naturally the end of the coal strike has led to a marked rise in Home Railway stocks. Curiously, the Southern lines show the most marked improvement. Thus South-Eastern Undivided closed on Thursday at 114, a rise of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday, and South-Western Undivided closed at 187, also a rise of 2. In Midland the rise is only $\frac{1}{4}$; the stock closed on Thursday at 149 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western closed at 153 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1; North-Western closed at 165 $\frac{1}{4}$, also a rise of 1; Great Northern Ordinary Preference closed at 111, a rise of 1, but the Deferred Ordinary shows a rise of as much as 3, having closed at 53. There is also a rise shown in the better class of American stocks, and even the second-class bonds, as might have been expected, are beginning to advance. Thus Atchison Four per Cent. Gold Mortgage Bonds closed at 74, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Denver Fours closed at 81, a rise of 3; and Erie Second Mortgage Bonds closed at 75, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. The rumours of reconstruction have led to a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in Erie Preference, which closed at 32 $\frac{1}{2}$, and of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in Union Pacific shares, which closed at 19 $\frac{3}{4}$. A report that the Messrs. Bleichröder, of Berlin, are guaranteeing the January coupon of the Mexican Sixes caused a rise of 5; they closed on Thursday at 66 $\frac{3}{4}$. Italian closed at 80 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Hungarian closed at 93 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; but Greek of 1881 closed at 37, a fall of 1.

TWO OPERAS.

AT last, after many delays, Mr. Cowen's opera, *Signa* has been produced at the Dal Verme, Milan. Whether the production of a work of a representative English composer under the actual conditions is a cause for congratulation or regret is a matter of opinion. Those who care to regard the event in the light of pioneer service to the cause of British art are quite right; but they are not wrong who think that there should have been room in the land where a work was written for the production of that work. Our opinion is that the proper road for *Signa* should have been through Covent Garden to the Dal Verme, and not *vice versa*. Probably Mr. Cowen thinks so now himself, unless, in the face of events which have been brought to light since the production of his work, he regrets having had the least connexion with what is termed "the Italian career."

Mr. Cowen needs no introduction, and all one need add to what is known of his talent is that he has given in *Signa* what he has had no opportunity of giving until now—proofs of a keen dramatic instinct. With this he has kept his own personal note, his gift of refined and original melody, and a correct symphonic treatment of the whole fabric of the work. By symphonic treatment we mean "form" alone, and not the use and development of themes. Of course, Mr. Cowen is too modern a musician and too sincere an admirer of Wagner to ignore altogether the master's mechanism, and the clever use he makes of some three or four themes goes to prove that he could handle a score on the *leit-motiv* system. Still, accomplished symphonist, he avoids the method purposely, it seems; curiously, we think, following, on this count alone, tradition rather than modern tendencies. Where the composer is essentially of the present day is in his treatment of the orchestra, and there the most exacting can find food but for delight and admiration.

We may be allowed to presuppose a general knowledge of Ouida's pathetic story from which the late Mr. Gilbert & Beckett furnished his libretto of *Signa*, and it will be only necessary to indicate how the story has been condensed for operatic purposes. Of the original characters, only four remain—Gemma and Palma, Bruno and Signa; whilst one, that of an *impresario*, Sartorio, is added, and serves his purpose.

The opera opens with a short prelude, based on Signa's "Song of Liberty." The two opening bars are the theme associated with that character. Frederick H. Cowen would not be himself if the theme were not of a tenderly plaintive colour, and *vorgetragen* by the English horn. Of course it is; but it works up splendidly, and quickly, to an impressive climax, and as suddenly disappears through a decrescendo from the tumult of a *tutti* in a chord of C major, closing the prelude—which, by-the-by, is the first indication of a cleverly hidden tonality permeating this page. An extremely witty orchestral figure introduces Sartorio, who makes a profession of faith *tra il buffo e il serio*, and asks to hear *l'usignuol*, meaning Signa. The scene between Bruno and Signa is treated in free duet form with independent ariosos for each; the melodies as well contrasted as are the characters before us; the phrases broad and square, full of genuine pathos in the baritone music, replete with poetical fancy in the long and important apostrophe of the tenor. Free use is made of themes associated with Signa, and the first melodic step of the prelude bursts out fortissimo as the curtain descends.

The second act opens with a prelude for strings and horns in unison sustained by wood—a melody, of contemplative character, to be developed into an arioso for Bruno and associated with him in the guise of a theme. Bruno's arioso, very finely sung by Signor Stagno-Palermi, is at times almost heartrending—placid as the melodic design seems to look at, there is an undercurrent of passion in it and a rugged power which take us far away from anything Mr. Cowen has yet written. A concise, but very beautiful, finale closes the act; the farewell phrase of the tenor forming the *proposta* of the piece.

In the third act we are at Naples—the Bay in the distance—Gemma's *palazzina* to the right; it is carnival time. Of the music of this last act it is difficult to speak too enthusiastically. Parts of it have driven the audience of the Dal Verme half crazy with delight, and we confess to have shared the feeling without reserve. First of all, there is an entr'acte in waltz form as a preface to the *coro danzante* which opens the act, and is simply as irresistible in effect as it is masterly in construction. The voices are divided into three independent choruses, presented first singly, and then combined with a surprising wealth of contrapuntal devices. A students' chorus (treble encoired), based on a popular Tuscan refrain, with guitar accompaniment, follows; then a delightful ballad for soprano, "Il giglio e la rosa"; then a love-duet, opening with the finest phrase a tenor can wish for, a short scene between father and son; another, equally short, between Bruno and Gemma; and then comes the final catastrophe. Signa's theme, in augmented values, but in trebly quicker movement, closes the opera in a formidable *tutti*.

The interpreters—Mmes. Busi and Danisi, MM. de Trabadelo, Buti, and Palermi—deserve unstinted praise for their creations of the parts of Gemma, Palma, Signa, Sartorio, and Bruno. To Signor Cimini, however, who has concerted the opera, the successful production of Mr. Cowen's work is to be attributed in a special measure. No praise is high enough for the masterly way in which he led his orchestra on this memorable *première*. The choruses, under the guidance of Maestro Venturi, a young but celebrated chorus master, did wonders. It is our pleasant duty to announce that Sir Augustus Harris, who witnessed the *première* of Mr. Cowen's beautiful opera, has undertaken to produce it during his next season at Covent Garden.

We confess to timidity in approaching *I Medici*, a work described as *azione storica*, and forming part first of a *poema epico in forma di trilogia storica*, the tremendous collective title for the said *trilogia* being neither more nor less than the Latin word *Crepusculum*. Our timidity is all but enhanced by a profession of faith volunteered by the composer, Signor Leoncavallo, who, for fear that his "intendimenti epico-poetico-storico-artistici" may not prove within general comprehension, kindly explained in a Milan contemporary his own private appreciation of his own work.

We see there how the libraries of Florence, Rome, and Bologna have been ransacked in order to furnish but a few foot-notes to the *poema*; how Villari, Gregorovius, Alvisi, Roscoe, Carducci, &c., were put under contribution to give their figures of Macchiavelli, Savonarola, Lucrezia Borgia, Poliziano, and others for epico-poetico-theatrical purposes; and how, in fine, side by side with those treasures of erudition, we have to reckon with a philosophical idea pervading the work—the process of the Renaissance statesman, who, having ascertained to his bitter cost the frivolity of the people for whose sake he lived in perfect faith, turns to the Church for support; but the Church also betrays him, and then he defies everybody and everything, and becomes Cesare Borgia. Further, Signor Leoncavallo says:—"The general title of the trilogy was suggested to me by the last part of Wagner's tetralogy, *The Dusk of the Gods*. For a moment I had the intention of borrowing from *il mio maestro* and *il mio autore* his title wholesale. . . . But I have decided on *Crepusculum* alone, as more poetical and less idealist. What I have done with this material, musically, will be seen soon." It has been seen.

Before dealing with music pure and simple, let us pause to consider the *poema*. Signor Leoncavallo is pleased to call his Trilogy an *épôpée*. First of all, its three component parts have no common link. Their division is absolutely arbitrary, if not downright fanciful; and all they have in common is the egotism, the profound immorality of the generations of those times, and an absolute absence of patriotism. As to the philosophical idea—when Savonarola is given to us as *lo spirito del cattolicesimo*, we know exactly what that is worth. Remains the *Crepusculum*, the famous poetical Dusk. Why Dusk, and wherefore? The author has perhaps forgotten that in his own beautiful tongue two distinct *crepusculi* are known—*il crepuscolo del mattino* and *crepuscolo della sera*. Further, he seems to have misunderstood Carducci's application of the term. When used by Carducci in connexion with the epoch of the Trilogy, *crepusculo* is meant as the "Dusk of the evening."

The *poema*, reduced to its proper figure, is as simple as may be; and the *musica epica* of Signor Leoncavallo appears, from the point of view of form, invention, effects, &c., as conventional an opera as ever was. In fact, *c'est du bon vieux Meyerbeer de Tolède*, less Meyerbeer's genius and inspired instinct for theatrical effects.

The work begins with a short *fanfare de chasse*, in guise of prelude; the calls are divided between horns on the stage and in the orchestra. The horns (in E) are taken right to the limit of their compass, with the result that top E's come out with anything but Renaissance quality. The theme of the fanfare itself is a curious cross between the trombone phrase in the Walkürenritt and the horn figure in Delibes's "Ballet des chasseresses" in *Sylvia*. Thus on the very threshold of the work we meet what as we follow it page by page becomes more and more patent—a lack of originality.

Of the interpretation it is enough to say that Signor Tamagno was in his best form; that Signor Beltrami, as Lorenzo, looked a *nourrice normande*; that Mmes. Gini-Pizzorni and Stehle did all they could; and that Signor Ferrari conducted with his wonted zeal. It should be added that, in the matter of handling his orchestra, Signor Leoncavallo has given once more ample proofs of his consummate knowledge of effects.

A MEMORIAL OF FENCERS.

SINCE the distant date, 1516, when Andreas Paurnefeindt, "Freefencer of Vienn in Austria," compiled the first known printed work on the scientific handling of arms, it has been a custom, so constant as to seem almost a point of honour, with successful masters of fence to issue (in token of success) a work of some kind on the art and practice of fight. During the three hundred and seventy odd years which have flowed over men's heads since that very magnificent and most rare work (the only perfect copy known is believed to have been that of Dr. Wassmannsdorff, of Heidelberg) upwards of six hundred distinct works have been penned and printed, in various languages, by some four hundred adepts of fence, to prove by "reason demonstrative" the superiority of their own practice.

Such literary pastimes (or, to look at the matter from a different point of view, this special form of advertisement) can only be indulged in by successful teachers—for it is not

on record that any book of fence, unlike other "educational" works, has ever proved a really remunerative enterprise. Yet so great is the *cacoethes scribendi* at a certain time of life among popular expounders of *carte* and *tierce*, that every year that lapses into the glass of time adds fully a score of new "methods" and "systems" to the heavy catalogue of fencing works.

M. Bertrand, who candidly claims, in his one literary attempt, entitled "*Biographie de George Chapman, la première place à Londres comme professeur français*," is (whatever reservation might be made touching the merely professional worth of some other French masters established in London) the best known foreign teacher. His "*Salle*" seems even to some extent to have usurped the place which by tradition should belong to Angelo's fencing floor. Mr. Irving sends to Warwick Street when the detail of some new stage duel has to be arranged for the Lyceum—a fact which alone might suffice to proclaim a lesser adept among the successful. M. Bertrand has therefore come forward with his contribution to the cairn of printed records of fence; but he has done so in a novel manner.

The "Memorial of Fencers"—we are obliged to invent a name for M. Bertrand's book, the author having neglected to give it a title—is just the sort of work to which devoted *escrimeurs* of the modern Parisian style attach a high, if conventional, value; it is also the kind of work which will cause *bien du tintouin à classer*, as the French bibliographer of the future, who attempts to catalogue it in his collection, will certainly say.

Like many precious *incunabula*, "The Memorial" lacks a title-page; among its leaves, moreover, the search for a colophon, as a guide to time or place, author's or printer's name, is at first unsuccessful until by accident, on the *recto* of the ninth sheet, evidence is discovered that one page, at least, was printed by Danielsson & Co., of Beaumont Street, W.; finally, like some equally ancient block-books, the sheets are printed on one side only. It is right, however, to add that some evidence of its being a latter-day work is afforded by an allusion to the pulling down of Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket (in which building, at one time, was located Henry Angelo's fencing-room).

"Aujourd'hui," says the writer pathetically, "*ce théâtre n'est plus qu'un amas de décombres (sic) sur lequel plane le souvenir des artistes célèbres (sic) qui illustrèrent le vieux théâtre.*"

Of actual text, in the literary sense, there only occur two short chapters. One is an anonymous account, reprinted from a number of the *Field*, February 1865, of the late George Chapman's pamphlet on *Foil Practice*, combined with a tolerably severe criticism of MacLaren's officially accepted *Treatise of Fence*, which had appeared about the same time. This eulogistic excerpt, *à propos* of a portrait of this well-known swordsman, is corroborated by an original piece of writing from M. Bertrand himself, entitled *George Chapman, sa vie*.

The remainder of the volume is made up of reproductions—decidedly valuable, although mere "process" works—of sundry well-known and always interesting plates, accompanied by *légendes en regard*, indifferently French and English. We are shown Angelo Dominico Tremamondo (not Fremamondo, as in the text) Malevolti, better known as Mr. Angelo *tout court*, riding the high horse, presumably in his capacity as "equerry" to Lord Pembroke. It is, however, difficult to recognize in that very indifferent and signboard-like presentment the "refined lineaments, the singularly graceful person," of the man who so captivated Miss Margaret Woffington, and became recognized in London as a pattern of gentlemanly deportment. It is just possible that the original engraving, unsigned and unlettered, may, after all, have been meant to portray M. de la Guérinière, Angelo Tremamondo's early master in the art of *manège* riding.

Next comes a very spirited picture, known generally to print-collectors under the vague title "A Fencer," but which seems to have been a portrait of Henry Angelo, the son of Malevolti, in his younger days, who, thoroughly Anglicized, adopted as a patronymic the least tremendous and the most euphonious of his father's names.

This is followed by two "demigods of the foil," in the traditions of French schools—M. de Saint George, engraved by Ward from the picture by Brown, and the Chevalier d'Eon (in male attire), engraved by Burke from Huquier's picture.

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three comparatively modern portraits. One shows us M. Bertrand himself attired in fencing-dress, and bearing a most forbidding—unkind friends might almost say truculent—expression in his eye, leaning on his sword in the midst of decidedly Tudoresque surroundings. The two others are in memory of two English swordsmen of note, Colonel Maynard and the above-mentioned Mr. George Chapman, whose names the author bequeaths to posterity as the real founders, in 1848, of the still flourishing London Fencing Club.

No doubt all these are pictures that would not elicit more than the most transient interest in the general reader; but during the last decade—ever since, in fact, M. Vigeant re-awakened the interest of fencers in the *traditions* of the fencing art—such biographical tid-bits as M. Bertrand has collected and reproduced are eagerly sought by masters and collectors alike. In years to come the present work, incomplete and carelessly put together as it is, will undoubtedly command a high fancy price among a certain class of fencing enthusiasts.

There is a singular glamour clinging to that triumvirate, Angelo, d'Eon, and Saint George. These men were placed, unwittingly, by the force of circumstances, in a unique position for a time with regard to the ancient French schools; they became, so to speak, trustees of the good old traditions of sober elegance and academical courtesy in fence, and preserved them safely in London, of all places in the world, during the long period of the first Revolutionary and Imperial Government. It is not too much to assert that Angelo's fencing-rooms remained for more than half a century the one link between the old and the modern schools of French swordsmanship. In fact, the pious work of gathering and publishing every fencing record of that epoch might, with advantage, have been undertaken by the present directors of that school of arms.

It is to be regretted that M. Bertrand, having so far utilized the opportunity thus left to him, should not have made his work more complete by reproducing two other well-known pictures belonging to the same category of relics; we mean the celebrated plate engraved by Picot, of Robineau's painting of the bout played at Carlton House in 1787 by M. de Saint George and the Chevalier d'Eon before the Prince of Wales; and Rowlandson's coloured plate of Angelo's rooms, showing a passage of arms between d'Eon and Henry Angelo before a critical assembly in which figure Charles James Fox, the great Malevolti, the Duke of Buckingham, and Rowlandson himself. These two pictures, original plates or copies, are held as great desiderata for the decoration of every well-appointed *salle d'armes*. They are certainly interesting records of the high esteem in which Society held the gentlemanly art in general, and the practice of Angelo and d'Eon in particular, during those palmy days.

The proportion of text produced by M. Bertrand, as we have said, is by no means preponderant in the "Memorial." It is, perhaps, doing the compiler a good office to point out that, short as it is, this text is by no means free from avoidable errors.

In horsemanship the elder Angelo was the pupil of M. de la Guérinière, Professor at the Manège Royal; in swordplay of M. Teillagorry (miscalled by M. Bertrand, on more than one occasion, "Taillagori"), Master of Arms to the Maison d'Orléans. Now, M. Bertrand's inaccurate punctuation would actually put it on record that Angelo Malevolti himself was Riding Master in the Royal Manège, and taught the art of the sword to the French princes of the Blood. In the same manner, it is necessary to point out that the Chevalier de Saint George, a mighty independent person, never was "Maitre d'armes à Paris." The unfortunate and fantastical method of punctuation adopted by the writer removes about one-fourth of the Biography of George Chapman from the range of human interpretation; indeed one sentence which, dealing as it does with some of Malevolti's intimates—Gainsborough, Lawrence, and d'Eon—might possibly have proved of vast interest, is shorn of any grammatical end, and therefore of any meaning at all. The frame of the work, however, is essentially elastic, and we may hope to see it expanded some day when the over-numerous errors of the present issue may also be amended. But even as it stands, the "Memorial" cannot fail to meet with appreciation among the "fervents de l'épée," were it only as a curiosity in "Bibliographie escrimitique."

PICTURE GALLERIES.

SETTING aside the fine drawing of one or two decorative panels by Messrs. Couty and Duez, and the advantageous simplicity of many of the objects, we have not much to learn from the present exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. Whatever may be thought of their fads and mannerisms, our own decorators need not altogether lose heart at the concurrence of the Grafton. We must, however, except a case in the main central gallery, which contains a collection of ordinary objects ornamented in the broadest, most artistic, and least irritating manner. They are, for the most part, the work of M. A. Charpentier; M. Wiener, however, is the author of the appropriately rich, large, and fantastic covering of *Salammô*. M. Charpentier has succeeded in decorating common articles of every-day use, such as locks, jugs, tankards, boxes, sugar-basins, door-knobs, &c., with an ornamentation perfectly appropriate in its extent, its relief, and the character of its forms. The original shape and structure never suffer from quaint distortions of would-be originality or the overloaded excrescence of pattern that comes from tasteless zeal.

Yet, in spite of exceptions, we feel that the Grafton exhibition will be valued chiefly as a lesson in art as applied to drawing in black and white, to coloured plates, and to all processes by which artistic work may be multiplied with an approach to facsimile. In England, with few exceptions, our artists show little appreciation of the special qualities—may we say the idioms!—of the graphic arts. Their black and white is more like a pointless translation from oil-painting than an original and artistic use of a material. Thus they show a somewhat dull carelessness and a somewhat pretentious elaboration in their employment of the methods of illustration. A sense of stupidity and of labour disproportioned to the result comes from their full-toned *gouache*—as, indeed, it must from any medium used with the conscientiousness proper to another material. For instance, to demand of sharp points an absolute realization of tone is to tempt them from their legitimate practice of lively suggestion and spirited convention into the unprofitable task of coping with some brushing or smudging tool. We show little of the imaginative shorthand, little of the trained perception, of telling points in a scene, little of the marvellous power of adapting the native qualities of a medium to the service of particular expressions of nature which characterize the good French work of the day. Practical teaching and free opinion have given the Frenchman a high idea of that technical side of art which can be explained to some extent to any intelligent student. Proofs from the plates, blocks, and lithographs of men like Puvis de Chavannes, Lepère, Carrière, Besnard, Florian, L. Pissarro, Delatre, and many others triumphantly vindicate the superiority of real art to photography. If we compare, for instance, the proofs of drawings on lithographic plates by M. Puvis de Chavannes, M. Carrière, and M. Fantin Latour we shall be astonished at the art with which this medium has been made to express three very different ways of feeling the qualities of nature. But we should not rest here; it is also instructive to examine that right treatment of material which permits an advertisement or a poster to attract one on a magazine cover, a kiosk, or a street wall, and yet appear not altogether raw in this company.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, we have to speak of a show of English black and white at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery in King Street. This second collection seems a deplorable descent into common-place ideals and stupid misapprehensions of the qualities and powers of line, wash, stump, or what not. In "Celia" (164), to take an example of a life-size head, Mr. Ryland has occupied himself with all the futilities of stippled chalk, and has elaborated a puerile imitation of a flowered background, whilst he remains perfectly careless and unobservant of all structural planes and of all character in the head. One discovers no real interior shape in the face, no true modelling of eye-sockets, chin, cheek, angle of forehead or neck. Such a thing may take a long time to do, but it is perfectly worthless when done, and partly justifies Mr. Crane in calling pictorial art of this kind worse than a photograph. Mrs. T. Hammond, Mr. H. M. Livens, Mr. H. Roe, Mr. G. Haité, and Miss H. Myers are amongst the best contributors.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY'S
NEW SCHEME.

MR. MARKS, the Actuary and Secretary of the Mutual Life Assurance Society, complains that, in our criticism last week of the Society's scheme of investment assurance, we implicitly accused it of misleading the public, and he goes at some length into a defence of the scheme. As it is not our custom to publish correspondence, we think it only due to the Society to reproduce in substance the Actuary's argument. He asserts, firstly, then, that the rates of premium have been calculated on the best available data; that the benefits offered can be secured neither by the assured nor by his representatives in these days of shaky investment and falling interest without the assistance of a Life Assurance Office; and, thirdly, that the Society acts with extreme fairness in offering on the death of the assured, either to pay the full value of the policy or to continue for a stated period to pay 5 per cent. upon a smaller sum. With regard to the complaint, we expressly said that any one competent to judge of such matters who would carefully read the scheme had the materials before him to understand it thoroughly; but we added that it was likely to mislead the unwary. From that we cannot retreat. We had no intention of imputing improper motives; had that been so, our language would have been plainer and stronger. But the wording of the scheme seems to us not so explicit as it ought to be—seems, in short, likely to mislead the unwary, to use the same word we employed last week. Coming now to the first allegation, we do not doubt that the calculations have been made on the best available data, and we did not imply any doubt upon the point. Respecting the second allegation, we have not disputed the fairness of the Society in offering either to pay, on the death of the assured, the full policy or to pay a smaller sum at a later date. But when the Actuary asserts, in the third place, that neither the assured nor his representatives can do as well for themselves as the Society can do for them, we immediately join issue. We ask Mr. Marks, Is he prepared to deny that the annuity which the Society engages to pay to the representatives of the assured for twenty years after the death of the assured amounts to very little more than 3 per cent. upon the full value of the policy? And, if he is not prepared to deny that, does he mean to tell the public that a business-man of ordinary capacity is not able to invest a given sum safely to bring in 3 per cent., or even $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.? The burden of risk, trouble, and expense which appears so very formidable to the Actuary of the Mutual Society does not look so to us. On the contrary, we think that the representatives of the assured will do better for those for whom they are trustees by exercising the option to receive on the death of the assured the full value of the policy, and to invest it to the best of their judgment—of course exercising due care. The real question between the Actuary and ourselves may be put thus plainly:—Is it better for a man of thirty to pay 50*l.* odd per annum till his death to secure his family 2,440*l.*? or to pay the same sum annually to secure his family 100*l.* per annum for twenty years, and after that a lump sum of only 2,000*l.*?

JODHPUR (RAJPUTANA).

SHEER from the plain, with storied arch and stair,
Rock-built, august, inviolate, steep on steep,
Jodhpur exalts her sun-born Chieftain's keep,
A lustrous beacon set in lustrous air;
Thence, past the city's brave and motley wear,
We scan the ridge's desert-guarded sweep;
So dream the cheerful gods, when light they sleep,
In visions marvellous and passing fair.
Yet chiefest in Jodhpur this we prize,
Her witness that the faith of England gave
Her people room to dwell in their old guise
And wont, with naught from man to fear or crave:
Whereof we reap in Rajput freemen's eyes
The frank salute of neither boor nor slave.

REVIEWS.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

WHEN it was first announced that the Abbotsford papers were to be "drawn" afresh, to supplement the contents of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, there were those who shook their heads. The first instalment, however, the complete publication of the *Journal*, though it showed that Lockhart's taste and judgment were as impeccable as had been supposed, and though it added little positive to what was known, showed also that there was no need for alarm. No one who had viewed aright the noble and stainless strength of Sir Walter's character—flawed, indeed, to a comfortable humanity by one surprising error of judgment, but otherwise proof against criticism—feared any revelations that might lower him. But a warning of Lockhart's own in reference to some of the productions of his last and "failed" days could not but recur. There was, however, no need for anxiety; and the *Journal*, if in parts almost necessarily painful, was never in the very least unworthy. These additional letters have an even better right to appear. There is for them the *imprimatur* of Lockhart himself in the words "after the lapse of ten years more copious use might be made of those materials [the letters and diaries], without indecorum"—and if after the lapse of ten years, how much more after the lapse of fifty-six? Further Mr. Douglas (who edits as well as publishes these volumes, and edits them very well indeed) has had the advantage of not a few documents which were not at Lockhart's disposal, or which "decorum" prevented him from using freely. Thus the present editor is able to print *in extenso* the letter to Mr. John Villiers, afterwards third Earl of Clarendon, on the subject of the purposed Society of Literature, of which Lockhart mentions with regret "that he had been able to secure no copy." And while Lockhart was merely able to make one or two references to the correspondence with Lady Abercorn, that correspondence itself forms, perhaps, the most considerable and, as some may think, the most interesting feature of the present book.

On the whole, it is not too much to say that the contents of these eight or nine hundred pages yield in no respect to the earlier and already known matter which made the chief delight of what some have regarded as the most delightful of biographies. In many cases they simply complete Lockhart—giving more of the same things (such as his admirable letters to his wife describing the Irish tour just before the smash) on which, for this consideration or that, and sometimes, no doubt, merely to save space, he drew but sparingly. Indeed, with the whole *Journal* and these *Letters* before us, and with the probability of more (for it will be noted that this particular batch covers not quite thirty, and we may add that but for a few letters at the beginning it does not cover much more than twenty, years of Scott's life), we foresee what will have to be done before very long. This will be the re-editing of Lockhart, with his own admirable text untouched, but with the additional matter now in course of publication arranged, bracketed or in notes, to complete him. For the present, Mr. Douglas has printed the book excellently, has adorned it with a beautiful frontispiece from Chantrey's bust and two vignettes on the titles, has given all necessary assistance to the necessary "piecing" by apposite, but not copious, notes, has prefixed to each volume elaborate and extremely well-digested contents, and also, dividing the letters into years instead of chapters, has set as a reminder heading to each a brief list of the important contemporary events, literary and other, of the Life. It would be impossible to have necessary editorial work done more thoroughly and helpfully; unnecessary editorial pottering more comfortably and resolutely eschewed.

And the matter is such as deserves, and more than deserves, that everything should be done for it, albeit it is itself of such a nature that, if it were flung to the reader in as bad a condition as possible, its intrinsic interest would prevail. It opens with a few letters, the only ones we think yet published, from Scott to Miss Carpenter before their marriage; and it closes in the appendix with an extremely interesting set from Mr. Disraeli to Lockhart in the matter of the former's appointment to the editorship of the *Quarterly* and to a sort of undefined but very handsomely paid coadjutorship with Murray in regard to the unlucky *Representative*. (It may be observed, by the way, that, considering the intimacy shown in these letters, there is a rather remarkable "economy" in Lockhart's remarks about Disraeli when Croker appealed to him for information on the subject eighteen years later.) Between these two it "snows of meat and drink" in regard to matters of literary and biographical

* *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott, 1797-1825.* 2 vols. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1893.

interest. There are accounts from Sir Walter's own hand of the much-discussed and disastrous duels between Scott of the *London* and Christie, and between Stuart of Dunearn and the unfortunate elder son of Johnson's biographer; as well as of another affair which might have come to as fatal an arbitrament, if the Whig pamphleteer had not shown the white feather, in the dispute about the *Blackwood* attack on Playfair. There is in a note, and recently contributed by Lord Moncrieff from memory of Cockburn's telling, an extremely pleasing addition to Scott's own account of his getting out of the difficulty of precedence between certain guests by telling a story at the very moment when dinner was likely to be announced, and, as if absolutely engrossed in what he was saying, offering an arm simultaneously to each of the ladies concerned. There is one epistle in an old-fashioned style to Morritt, which will be a little shock to Mrs. Grundy; and more shocks to her Grundship! There is an odd definition of an "English gentleman's" attitude to literature—of which it seems "he asks that it shall arouse him from his habitual contempt of what goes on about him." The origin of Tartans, the cats and dogs of the Ashestiel and Abbotsford households, the Laureateship, and a thousand other things occupy the untiring pen that shamed Lockhart's young friend from his idleness. Once more we can perceive the secret of the wonderful variety of his creation in the hardly less wonderful variety of his interests.

From this side of the matter, however, we may pass, only requesting those who have formed an unfavourable opinion of Lockhart's conduct in the duel affair to perpend the additional evidence here given, and Scott's observation, "The Duke of Wellington, whom I take to be the highest military authority in the world, says, *you can have nothing more to say to S.*"

But we must go to another kind of interest, which, to some, will be even more attractive than this interest of subject. This is to be found in the revelation or indication of the character of the writers which the letters give. The most interesting of all to our thinking is the correspondence between Scott and the Marchioness of Abercorn. This covers almost the entire period (soon after the close of which Lady Abercorn died), and it is in parts the warmest we have of Scott's correspondences; but there is a certain puzzlement about it. He frequently addresses the lady as My Dearest Friend, at which expression she in one place at least expresses intense delight, while elsewhere she calls him in turn "friend of my heart." Yet there are on his side odd lapses of constraint; she does not seem to have been admitted to his full confidence in the novel matter, though he always sent her early copies; she has to upbraid him more than once for not writing and almost for unkindness; and he almost invariably concludes his letters to her with a formality which is something more than eighteenth-century punctilio, from an inferior to a superior in rank, and at the same time with no appearance of playful exaggeration. Whether the key of the enigma is to be found in the fact that his brother, Thomas Scott—a worthy, but careless and unlucky, person—had been the Abercorns' man of business, had had to fly, leaving his accounts in hopeless confusion, and, but for their forbearance and Scott's own exertions, might have been in a very ugly case, we cannot say; but Sir Walter, though the very kindest, was one of the proudest of men, and it is possible. Or there may have been a touch of suspicion of possible jealousy of the friendship somewhere; or the appearance of something enigmatic may be merely a delusion on our part. But it adds to the interest of the letters, which are charming on both sides.

There are plenty from Lady Louisa Stuart, with all her inherited touches of "Lady Mary," and all her natural acuteness. It is very noticeable how this lady puts her finger (and that more than once) on the two chief technical faults of Scott's *faire* as a novelist—his habit of introducing, with great pomp and prodigality of promise, characters who have ultimately very little to do with the action, and his other habit of huddling up catastrophes. "That is to say," says she once, "the aforesaid author grew tired, and flung the cards into the bag as fast as he could. I know his provoking habits." Indeed, with some allowance for eighteenth-century sympathies and wants of sympathy here and there, these successive criticisms of Lady Louisa's form about the best series of remarks on the novels that we know. Again, the tolerably numerous letters to his daughter-in-law in the *Life* are supplemented by a good many more here. They are all in the same tone, the tone of intensely indulgent and affectionate humouring which long ago made us guess the *ci-devant* Miss Jobson of Lochore to have been possibly an amiable little person, but decidedly silly. There are, as we have said, further instalments of Lockhart's letters to his wife during the Irish journey which he took with Anne Scott and Sir Walter to see the said Miss Jobson and her husband in their quarters—letters like those already published, admirably graphic, throwing off a whole scene or

company in a touch or two, with a suggestion of the satire which made the author so feared, and with more than a suggestion of that repression of his own feelings which by some, at least, has made him so admired. There are very numerous epistles to the favoured, and favourite, Morritt; and a good many to and from Miss Edgeworth—these last always of the first agreeableness. There are some to Southey, cordial as may be, and yet somehow showing traces of the slight "aloofness" which kept Southey away from most people except his oldest and most intimate friends. The above-mentioned Thomas Scott (for whose talents Scott always seems to have had a rather undocumented admiration, while he freely condoned his haphazard way of living) and his widow and children receive not a few. W. S. Rose, Terry, Miss Smith the actress, and others figure; while there is a very large section from and to Joanna Baillie, who once at least, enclosing a rebuke from Lady Byron, tries to drag Scott into that unsavoury quarrel. The idiosyncrasy of Lady Byron's letter is appalling—it is Pharisaism incarnate writing with frozen gall. As for Joanna's own various epistles, they are tolerable. But we never could get up much enthusiasm for Joanna. The best thing about "Mrs. Biley," as the Ettrick Shepherd—from whom, by the way, there are several things here—calls her in the *Noctes*, is that Sir Walter thought much of her.

And throughout, in the letters to, as well as in the letters from, him there is reflected what it is hardly extravagant to call the sunlight of Sir Walter's own character and genius. The completed *Journal* showed him, as it needs must, mainly in the house of mourning; these letters, dealing with a period of almost unbroken prosperity, show him mostly in the house of mirth. But as in the other picture he was never abject, so here he is never unduly uplifted. In the almost innumerable aspects in which these letters present him there is not one in which he does not show well. The admirable, and not in the least pedagogic, wisdom of his cautions to Lockhart against the dangers threatened by the "Scorpion's" own bitter tongue, the reckless extravagance of Wilson, and the unhealthy state of the politics of the time, contrasts as well as possible with the easy grace of his letters to ladies above-mentioned, the affection, without maudering, of his notes to his children, and the unfailing *verve*, sense, brilliancy of his miscellaneous correspondence. Once more, there is no mistake about him; and, once more, we have in these letters, "natural as it lived," such a combination of the kindest and noblest graces of heart, with the most varied and potent gifts of brain, as is not historically known to have existed in any other human being.

NOVELS.*

THERE can be little doubt that "society novels," as they are termed in the literary slang of the day, are more popular just at present than any other, and *A Gray Eye or So*, if rather clumsily named, is a fairly successful specimen of this class. We do not pretend that it is a perfect work of fiction. It is wanting in pathos; it is wanting in grace; it is wanting in contrast; it may be wanting in "heart"; but these deficiencies are to a great extent atoned for by its humour and, here and there, by its brilliancy. A murder seems to us an undesirable incident in a novel of this sort, and that introduced here is quite unnecessary, if not absolutely injurious to the story. Quite as much, and a good deal more, might be said of the introduction of a mock marriage—an infamous procedure on the part of the hero; but he would be a stern and an ungenerous critic who could be seriously angry with such a good-humoured story as *A Gray Eye or So*. We are not sure that the wrath of every amateur reader of the book will be turned away quite so easily; for one or two of its characters may possibly tempt appropriation; that, however, is a matter with which we have no personal concern. The best part of the book describes life at a large country-house in Ireland. The guests were many, and we find them indulging in their various tastes in tobacco in the long dining-hall after dinner. The smokers of cigarettes conversed "on a topic which they would probably have called Art"; those who smoked pipes explained "their splendid failures to

* *A Gray Eye or So*. By Frankfort Moore. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1893.

To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1894.

Jeanie o' Biggersdale, and Other Yorkshire Stories. By Katherine Simpson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

The Curb of Honour. By M. Betham Edwards. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1893.

The Quickening of Caliban. A Story of Modern Evolution. By J. Compton Rickett. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Company.

A Bubble Fortune. By Sarah Tytler. London: Hutchinson & Co.

secure certain big fish during the day"; while the cigar-smokers "talked of the Horse and the House—mostly of the Horse"; among the last-named talkers and smokers being a judge, who had been three days in the house, and "had steadily refused to entertain the idea of talking on any other subject than the Horse from the standpoint of a possible backer"; although when an event known as the City and Suburban had been mentioned in his Court, he had inquired whether "that was the name of a Railway Company." In the hostess's opinion, the first principles of successful entertaining were six—namely, "a social scandal of high order," "a great social reform," "an unfair game of cards," "the discovery of a new religion," "a very daring skirt dance," and "local colouring." One of her guests "was not a man of genius, but upon occasions" "could be quite as disagreeable as if he were"; another was "a highly-educated young lady," who "could be uninteresting in four languages"; yet a third was a wicked old man, who admitted that he "had now and again had a good time" (the word "good" not being "to be accepted in its Sunday-school sense"), but had now "almost made up his mind" to retire, and "let the world go to the devil in its own way."

If the pretty Puritan is a favourite character of fiction, it is easier to write an attractive romance on the Royalist than on the Roundhead side. In *To Right the Wrong* the author of *Donovan* fights for the cause of the Parliament against the claims of King Charles, and not without considerable skill. She endeavours to appease the wrath of her Royalist readers by making an odious Puritan character, named Original Sin Smith, the knave of her story; and she fully admits that there were good fellows on either side. "We have some cropped hypocrites," says the Roundhead hero; "and you Royalists have some licentious effeminate Cavaliers, with scented lovelocks; but the bulk of each party is made up of brave and honourable men." Again, Sir William Waller is made to say to a Royalist, "Are there not good men on both sides? And those so divided that, like parallel lines (the both *[sic]* right and straight), they cannot be brought to meet?" A good historical novel is a difficult book to write; in most cases either the novel is sacrificed to the history, or history is set at open defiance for the sake of the novel; while too often the novel spoils the history at the same time that the history spoils the novel. In this particular instance the plot, properly so called, has little interest; and almost the only excitement depends upon the hair-breadth escapes of the hero. To our mind there are too many battles. One, or at most two, powerfully described fights, say one big battle and one siege, would have been enough. We are not forgetting the numberless hand-to-hand encounters in the *liad*; but the modern novel is a work of art framed on very different lines. Well as she writes, the author has some rather wearisome tricks of style, such as "the two passed through the entrance," "the two sat together," and so on. Nevertheless, *To Right the Wrong* is more worth reading than many of the three-volumed novels of this autumn.

The work of developing Yorkshire or any other county's local legends into readable stories for the circulating libraries is beset with many difficulties. Weird and interesting as they may have sounded when he heard them, the manufacturer of cottage-corner tales into drawing-room literature generally finds that they will not "work out" satisfactorily when he tries to amplify them upon paper. He may have no hesitation in drawing largely, if not entirely, upon his own imagination when describing either the appearances or the conversations of his characters; but, if he is a conscientious writer, he will have some scruples with regard to tampering with the main incidents. Yet folklore tales rarely have well-constructed plots, and when told in many words their deficiencies in this respect become the more apparent. Be it ever so abrupt and crude, the guide's, the driver's, or the cottager's story, when told in the provincial dialect, and with the scene before the eyes, has a charm of its own, half that charm consisting in its unconventionality; but when presented in the form of a regulation work of fiction, it is exposed to the danger of being judged according to the ordinary laws of that art, and condemned as ill conceived and objectless. For these reasons we fear that a somewhat unfavourable sentence will be passed on *Jeanie O'Biggerdale*, and other *Yorkshire Stories*, and we recommend it to mercy; for we think that its readers will find many extenuating circumstances if they will but get the book, and at the least judiciously skim it.

There are some good descriptions of scenery in *The Curb of Honour*; the pity is that its author did not use the curb of moderation in the matter of adjectives and expletives. We care not to read of people being "unusually artificially elate," and such a word as "astoundment" is abominable. One of the principal characters is a very pretty French pastor. He had "a face, beautiful yet insouciant of beauty, spiritual yet pathetic in its simplicity," and "dark pensive eyes with girlish lovely lashes."

His complexion was "brilliant," and his "close-cut curls and beard" were "of richest brown." He must, indeed, have been a beautiful clergyman! And he was an even better man than he looked. "A beautiful young horse," grazing on a precipitous mountain-slope in a Pyrenean valley, fell, and "as a ball set rolling, the terrified creature slid down the hill-side, a few seconds more surely to perish, drop like a stone from hill-top to valley, fall headlong amid the river-tossed boulders, inanimate as they." Fortunately, the pretty clergyman happened, at the moment, to be taking the air on that same mountain slope. "With the nimbleness of a chamois hunter and the nerve of a toreador," he "sprang forward," and "by virtue of promptitude and skill" "he threw a lasso over the horse's head." What an excellent divine, to walk about with a lasso in his pocket! "Then, flinging himself on the ground, with almost superhuman dexterity fastening himself to the slippery surface, he arrested the fatal course." In contrast to all this, there are a few very creditable passages, and there is one decidedly good scene, in which the heroine declares her love for her patron. He absolutely refuses to marry her, and then, having acknowledged her immense indebtedness to him, she declares that they are at last quits. "Henceforth," she says, "I owe you nothing. I have given you all I had, a heart to break."

Of the many varieties of novels, one of the least common is the missionary novel. *The Quickening of Caliban* is a specimen of this rare kind of book. As to the hero, a big African, "the doctors who have seen him say that he is a bit unfinished, not got comfortably through his evolution." He is "got cheap" by some English showmen who see "money in him." The main interest of this volume centres in the development of the soul of this heathen, whose name is Bokrie, and in his eventually finding religion. A Cambridge professor tries his hand upon him with very indifferent success; but the heroine, who has a very indefinite sort of creed of her own and a dash of nigger blood, at last both evolves and converts his soul. Anything more vague than the religion which he acquired it would be difficult to conceive. The pious convert was much too good to go to church, and in criticizing his conduct on this point, a clergyman's wife said, with some reason, "If every one is to worship under his own green tree, what is to become of the collection?" One great fault in the book is that Bokrie is much too intelligent in the beginning to allow of the reader's taking any interest in his development. This is the style in which the unfinished man, who has not got comfortably through his evolution, makes inarticulate attempts at uttering human sounds. "I have been to church, yes, again and again. I love the organ; the sweet voices joined with the music. The good words of the preacher charm me. Yes, I will lead a better life." A "brute" of this sort does not require much evolution! Indeed he talks philosophy, gets drunk, sneers at religion, and makes love, much as civilized people do; consequently his story rather fails of its object.

Miss Sarah Tytler's story, *A Bubble Fortune*, may be described as harmless for young ladies who have not yet come out. Judged as such it is all very well; criticized in comparison with other novels of hers it must be pronounced a dull book, despite its undoubtedly true rendering of a particular class of thought and haviour.

A HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.*

THERE is, perhaps, no county in England which surpasses Northumberland in the interest and importance of its historical associations; no other county, certainly, preserves more monuments of its history, from the Roman Wall downwards, and to those who have walked about its parks and villages, its islands, its coast, its streams, and its hills, there are few parts of England which surpass Northumberland in natural attractions. It would be difficult to find river scenes more beautiful than those of the Coquet above Warkworth, and those which abound on Tweed and Tyne; towns more venerable than Hexham; hills and valleys wilder than those which lie around the Cheviots. This corner of England is also fortunate in still possessing many of its ancient families, and fortunate, further, in finding among them such a genuine enthusiasm for their county as to make the work of which this is the first volume possible.

Everybody who knows anything at all of county histories knows the late Rev. John Hodgson's incomplete work on Northumberland. Incomplete, because he did not live to complete it, but thorough in every point so far as this most careful and painstaking antiquary was allowed to go. It was in 1890 that a committee of

* *A History of Northumberland*. Vol. I. The Parish of Bamburgh. By Edward Bateson. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Andrew Reid, Sons, & Co. London: Simpkin Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. (Lim.) 1893.

gentlemen was formed for the purpose of completing the *History of Northumberland* on the lines laid down by Hodgson, and it was resolved that the work should begin with those districts which he had not touched. That is to say, the History is to be parochial, and two units of division have been adopted, the old ecclesiastical parish and its subdivision the township. Towards this work large gifts of money have been advanced, and such collections as those belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Hodgson's heirs, Dr. Raine, Lord Tankerville, the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and others have been placed at the service of the Committee. In short, everybody who could give any assistance has given it, with the result that we have before us perhaps the finest chapter or instalment of a county history that has ever been placed before the world; an instalment careful, and, if one may venture on so sweeping a judgment, exhaustive; illustrated freely with maps, plans, and drawings, and provided with genealogies of every important family. As for the genealogies, it is impossible, one supposes, to verify the older portions; they were formerly accepted at the Herald's Visitations, and must now be received by faith; for the later years the registers seem to have been consulted on every point. The thoroughness of the work will be understood when one discovers that this great volume of 450 pp., with all this wealth of history and antiquities, only covers a little patch of ground not more than thirty square miles or so in extent, and containing about twenty villages. That is to say, it includes the Parish of Bamburgh and the Chapelry of Belford—what was called the "Shire" of Bamburgh extended much further, and included all the parishes south of Bamburgh as far as the river Aln.

Of course the most important monument in this district is the great fortress called Bamburgh Castle, built upon a vast basalt rock which is itself a natural fortress; it was, in fact, the fortress of Dinguaroy, in the hands of the Britons. But it was the English chieftain Ida who "timbered Bebbanburgh." The history of the Castle is narrated at great, but not too great, length in this volume. The importance always attached to this Castle from the time of its erection can hardly be exaggerated. Yet in one respect it was deficient. Although on the seashore, it had no kind of port. It might be possible—though dangerous—to land on the sands north and south of the Castle; but no ships could anchor off that open coast. The nearest port would be the little place called Warrenmouth. In this respect Dunstanburgh, with its natural port, the tiny inlet, on the south side, might at times become of greater value than Bamburgh. On more than one occasion the Castle was suffered to fall into decay, and, in the hands of the Forsters, who had it for about a hundred years, the Keep itself became ruinous. The main points of its history—to begin with the Conqueror—are its submission by Gospatric; its siege by William Rufus, which is a little known, but a most dramatic story; its continual alarms, attacks, and fights as Scots or rebels marched north or south; the passing of the Castle from king to noble and from noble to king. In the reign of Edward II. the Castle, though garrisoned, was allowed to fall into ruin; his successor repaired it to such good purpose that the place successfully stood a siege by the Scots under Archibald Douglas. David Bruce was a prisoner at Bamburgh; and here Edward III. completed his convention with Edward Baliol. Hotspur was Constable of Bamburgh. In the Wars of the Roses the Castle was for a time the headquarters of Margaret. There was another siege in which the place was defended by 300 men against 10,000, and only submitted when they had eaten their horses. It was retaken the next year by the Lancastrians when Henry VI. came to Bamburgh with 2,000 men. After the defeat at Hexham the remains of the army fled to this Castle, which was taken by Warwick shortly afterwards. With the Wars of the Roses ended the sieges of Bamburgh. It was allowed to fall into ruin under Elizabeth, when Sir John Forster, the Constable, "laid waste"—whatever that means—the whole Castle for his own plunder. This Sir John, the second son of Sir Thomas of Adderstone, was the founder of the Bamburgh Forsters, through an illegitimate son, John, whose son, Claudius, King James appointed Constable of the Castle and Sheriff of Northumberland. Finally, the whole of the Bamburgh Forsters' estates became the property of Lord Crewe, by whom they were left in trust to the Dean and Chapter of Durham. It was not till the year 1757 that anything was done to repair or restore the ruined Castle. The Chapter then took it in hand, and left it much as we now see it. The old walls remain; but upper rooms have been added to the Keep, and the roof has been raised; modern windows and fireplaces have been introduced; and it is now an extremely comfortable and a very romantic place of residence. The "Royal City," once a town of considerable importance, but now a village of none, except as a watering-place, formerly possessed a corporation, with charters and privi-

leges, now forgotten; it owned a Cell of Austin Friars; a Dominican Friary; that necessity of all mediæval towns, a Lazar-house; and at one time owned ships which probably traded from Warrenmouth, for, as already stated, there is no port at Bamburgh itself.

It may be mentioned—the fact being proved by the records of the Court of Chancery—that the statements made in most histories as to the confiscation of Bamburgh Castle after the rebellion of 1715 are quite inaccurate. The real facts of the case are, that, on the death of Sir William Forster in 1700, the estates of Bamburgh and Blanchland devolved upon his brother, Ferdinando Forster. That on his murder in 1701 the two heirs were Dorothy Lady Crewe and Thomas Forster, son of Frances, her sister. That in 1704 the creditors exhibited their bills in Chancery, and that in order to pay them the estates had to be sold. That Lord Crewe bought them all for the lump sum of 20,679*l.*, which shows that this branch of the Forsters were never very wealthy. After paying off the creditors, Lady Crewe and her nephew, Thomas Forster, had exactly 1,028*l.* to divide between them—all that was left of the Bamburgh and Blanchland estates. The "General" of the 1715 rising had in fact nothing at all to lose, except the succession to his father's estate of Adderstone. He had, also, probably, his debts, as became a gentleman of Northumberland. There are thirty genealogies of gentle families given for this little corner of England alone; of these, five belong to various branches of the Forsters. One cannot look at them without humbly remarking the Providential manner in which the matrons of Northumberland filled up the ravages of war; nowhere, surely, were there ever larger families. And the necessities of never-ending Border warfare may, indeed, excuse irregularities such as those which appear in the genealogy of the Bamburgh Forsters. Above all things fighting men had to be born. We must not dismiss this excellent work without noting that Grace Darling lies buried in Bamburgh churchyard. There are old people in the village who still remember her, and cannot be persuaded that she did anything out of the common.

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.*

REVIEWERS are sometimes accused of criticizing books before reading them. It would be possible to turn the tables on Mr. Greville Tregarthen, who has essayed to tell the story of a nation before it exists. We cannot think that this history of what is, by anticipation, called the "Australian Commonwealth," legitimately finds a place in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series. A glance at the subjects of the thirty-four predecessors of the present number in the series will show the anomaly of its addition to such a fellowship. All the peoples whose story is told have, with a few exceptions, ceased to exist as separate or independent nations; and in the two or three excepted cases, the inclusion of their "stories" among those of bygone nations has in most instances, as witness Holland and Portugal, a melancholy appropriateness that justifies it only too well. In looking round for new worlds to conquer, it would surely have been more natural to turn to nations like England, France, or Germany, which, though still continuing to make history, yet have behind them the long and splendid annals of a storied past. But Australia! It is a geographical expression. The people who live there are not a nation—are only beginning to have aspirations to become one; and no Australian Commonwealth exists outside the pages of a Draft Bill for a future Federal constitution. The communities settled in the several colonies are, ninety-five per cent. of them, of the same races that inhabit these islands, and have not as yet any claim or pretence to a nationality of their own; nor is their story in any kind of sense the story of a nation or of any number of nations. Some day, when Australia is a nation, and has a story behind it, the tale of these early days will be told, briefly enough; perhaps, for the credit of the race, the more briefly the better. Apart from these considerations, and passing over its title, which would surely never have been chosen but to justify its inclusion in this series, *Australian Commonwealth* (no article definite or indefinite is prefixed) may be classed as a piece of respectable bookmaking. In the structure of the book there is no attempt to write up to the title by welding the history of the different colonies into one, or, if that were impossible, by so telling the story of the whole group as to bring together what is common to all, to mark the points of difference, and thus to show the bearings and relations of the parts to each other. The book

* *The Story of the Nations: Australian Commonwealth.* By Greville Tregarthen. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

consists, in fact, of brief chronicles of each of the seven colonies that constitute Australasia, compiled from the materials ready to hand in earlier works, without any pretence of originality of thought or treatment. The absence of pretentiousness, indeed, is a feature for which the author is to be commended. These chronicles are prefaced by two chapters recapitulating the leading events connected with early discoveries in the South Pacific and the events that led to the first British settlements being made on Australian soil. And at the end of the book are two other general chapters on Labour questions and Federation. The historical portion of the work is accurate, and the events recorded are, on the whole, judiciously selected. On these grounds, and on account of the straightforwardness and lucidity of the narrative, the book may be recommended to readers previously unacquainted with the outlines of Australian history.

In spite of the disconnected style adopted, the perusal of the chapters dealing with the several colonies, one after the other, cannot fail to impress upon a careful reader some at least of the points which a more purposeful writer than Mr. Tregarthen would have sought to bring out in his pages. One of these, and the most obvious, is that while on the one hand a strong family likeness runs through the story of the various colonies, on the other hand, the character, circumstances, and history of each one have distinctive features, giving it some individuality of its own. Two of the colonies are especially distinguished from the other five by the circumstances of their foundation. New Zealand and South Australia were both colonized, in the stricter sense of the term, upon deliberate and organized systems, direct from the mother country. All the others owed their foundation or early growth, directly or indirectly, to convict settlement. All of them except Victoria had, in fact, had convict stations as the centres of their early activity, and Victoria was for long a portion of New South Wales, the original seat of convictism in Australia. It was not in the nature of things that the two colonies of South Australia and New Zealand should wholly escape the taint, elsewhere hardly obliterated even now. But there is no question that the cleaner bill of moral health which which they started has had an influence still traceable on the character of their population. The records of the early days of the convict settlements are a blot upon the pages of English history. The nameless vices and inhuman cruelty, the blackguardism that prevailed, not only among the offscourings of English gaols that formed the convict population, but among their military warders and other classes of the community, may well be buried in oblivion, if that can be. But the influences of that vile period could not be so put away. The character of the society whose foundations had been laid in such a soil is exemplified in the naive excuse offered so late as the year 1838 by some men who were condemned to death for the murder of thirty or forty natives, men, women, and children—"They were not aware that in killing blacks they were violating the law, as it had been so frequently done in the colony before." As the author, quoting this, says, no stronger condemnation of "the existing state of affairs" could well be found. Phillip, the capable and far-seeing officer appointed to command the first transports and assume the governorship of the settlement at Botany Bay, deprecated the idea that convicts should lay the foundations of an empire, and, in a memorandum addressed to the Government before starting, proposed that the convicts should "ever remain separate" from the garrison, and from other settlers that might come out, after as well as before the expiration of their sentences. What he would have done with them is not clear. But, as we know, this plan was never attempted, and the freed men and their descendants became merged, as was inevitable, in the mixed communities that grew up round the settlements. Very much the same course was run in Van Diemen's Land—a name dropped, with all the painful associations attached to it, to be replaced by the modern name of Tasmania. Victoria received the vicious elements of the early communities at secondhand; but, as she was the first of the colonies in which gold was found in large quantities, she received a further accession at a later period of her existence that gave her, for a time at any rate, more than her share of bad characters. The early settlers there were in a great hurry to set up as an independent community; and it was but a short interval again between the erection of Victoria into a separate colony and the grant of responsible government. The serious constitutional deadlocks that occurred served to show how necessary for the working of Parliamentary institutions are those personal qualities and unwritten laws that, until recent years, made the English system the envy and admiration of the world. Western Australia, though founded by free settlers, had to welcome a convict settlement to preserve itself from early extinction. Subsequently the inhabitants even "asked for more"; but they resented the suggestion that, as they found the convicts so useful, they should

contribute to their support, and claimed free immigrants sent out at the expense of the mother country instead. An early display, this, of a tendency that has become traditional among Australian colonists. The surrender, in 1890, of the whole of the half continent called Western Australia, containing a million square miles of territory, to less than fifty thousand people, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. To Queensland perhaps belongs the questionable distinction of having, in the early days of settlement, surpassed the other colonies in the enormities perpetrated upon the aborigines. Even more recently her record has not been a very clean one in her treatment of the coloured labourers whose employment marks the great problem she has to face in developing the tropical districts. The same difficulty confronts South Australia in her northern territory. To the more favourable circumstances attending the foundation of that colony, and of New Zealand, we have already briefly referred. The salient feature in the early history of New Zealand was, of course, the conflict with the warlike Maori who owned and clung tenaciously to the soil—a conflict the continuance of which was, no doubt, fostered by the employment of Imperial troops, whose presence afforded a livelihood to so many colonists. Upon their withdrawal peace speedily ensued. Politically New Zealand was, until recent years, unique among the Australasian colonies in having a quasi-federal form of Government with Provincial Councils. In 1876 her Constitution was assimilated to that of the other colonies.

But, after all, a perusal of these chapters confirms the impression that the points of resemblance outnumber and outweigh the points of difference between one colony and another. Take them all round, the story of one is very much the story of all. In all cases there is the same bungling and mismanagement on the part of the department of the Home Government concerned with the first settlement, whether of bond or free. There is the same story of hardship and privation attending the first years in the new land and, in the majority of cases, of the cruelties and abominations of the convict system, and of contact with the aborigines. In all we get the same tale of the vanity or tyranny or incompetence of governors, of the personal animosities and self-seeking of their councillors, of turbulence and crime among the population. By-and-bye came the gold rush, from which has dated the progress and prosperity of Australia; and it is singular that almost every colony in turn has had the foundation of its wealth laid by the output of minerals discovered within its borders. Thence has followed the period of marvellous growth that the present generation is familiar with. The Australian communities have been intoxicated with success. But the foundations of success lacked stability, and the inflated superstructure built upon it could not but burst like another South Sea Bubble. The lesson Australians have had to learn is that production alone makes solid wealth; that a nation can, no more than an individual, lift itself up by its ears or live for ever on its own fat, still less upon the fat of other people, as they have been doing. When that is learned, a real prosperity will be built up on the wreck of the house of cards that the wind has blown down. Federation, when it can be brought about—and we agree with Mr. Tregarthen in saying the sooner the better—will, we believe, do much to steady the colonial communities and their political leaders. Perhaps a central government for the whole of Australia, originally contemplated by Lord Grey, was hardly practicable among small settlements scattered over so vast a region without means of rapid communication. But we have all lived to regret that the Government were not firm enough or wise enough at the time the constitutions of the colonies were settled to impose those Imperial conditions the absence of which now opposes such serious obstacles to the task of consolidating the Empire on the basis demanded by modern requirements. We can all now agree with Lord Beaconsfield, who said in 1872:—"Self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded to the colonies ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have defined precisely the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought to have been accompanied by some representative council in the metropolis which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government." And he added that, in his opinion, no Minister in this country would do his duty who neglected any opportunity of reconstructing our Colonial Empire as much as possible.

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ANDERSEN'S FAIRY-TALES.*

EVERYBODY knows that it was the foible of the great Danish fabulist to depreciate the one species of writing which he cultivated with unequalled excellence. He used to say, with a touch of gentle petulance, "Why do people talk so much about my poor little fairy-tales, which will soon be forgotten, and nothing about my poems, and my novels, and my dramas, and my books of travels, all of which will live among the masterpieces of Danish literature! Oh! do forget all about my silly little fairy-tales!" Andersen has now been dead nearly twenty years, and the verdict of posterity would certainly vex his mild spirit, if it could revisit us. Nobody, even in Denmark, reads *The Two Baronesses* or *The Mulatto* any longer, while the audience to which the fairy-tales appeal grows steadily wider and wider in all corners of the globe.

We are informed that the magnificent edition which lies before us is merely one of four or five distinct translations of Andersen which are to make their appearance this season. We will not ask whether it is judicious to crowd the market in this way, or whether publishers might not do wisely to combine, instead of cutting one another's throats; but one thing is certain, that Andersen's fairy-tales are in no danger of being forgotten. We are afraid to guess how many translators have tried their hands upon Andersen since Mrs. Howitt, at least fifty years ago, first opened to English readers this delicious page. Among later versions, those of Mrs. Paull and Mr. Dulcken remain in our memories as estimable, and one of the best, or the illusion of childhood has played us false, was anonymous. Every one thinks that he or she can translate Andersen, and, as a matter of fact, it is one of the hardest of tasks.

We nourish an old-fashioned preference for introductions. The translation before us opens abruptly, without prefatory matter of any kind, and we are not told whether the version of Mr. Sommer is new or old. It is our impression that it is quite new, and we rejoice to believe, from internal signs, that it is made directly from the Danish, and not, like too many of its predecessors, through the German. This is in itself a great advantage, for much of simplicity and directness is bound to be lost in the course of a *bis coctum* preparation. The engraved title, which is in the most modern blottesque style, drops the word "fairy-tales," and calls the work, "Stories by Hans Christian Andersen." We are not quite satisfied with this. *Eventyr* is the Danish word, and this signifies, not a mere narrative or "story"—*fortelling* or *historie*—but something marvellous or adventurous. "Fairy-tale" is quite our safest English equivalent. It is rather interesting to note that in his very first series, in 1835, Andersen adopted the word *eventyr*. The fairy-tales, it may be well to remind ourselves, appeared at Christmas in the form of a *brochure*, and almost every successive year a similar pamphlet was issued in the winter. They were called *eventyr* until 1852, when, for no obvious reason, Andersen changed the name to *historier*, very soon returning to the original and most appropriate name. "Wonder-stories" would, perhaps, be our best equivalent, if it were quite English; but certainly the idea of the marvellous ought not to be omitted.

We confess that we are hard to please with a translation of Andersen; and when we say that Mr. Sommer can be read with considerable satisfaction we intend rather high praise. We have very carefully compared several passages of his version with the Danish original, and in each case we have found that he has neither misunderstood the text nor avoided a difficulty. Perhaps a perfect translation of Andersen is a blue rose of literature not to be expected from mortal hands; and yet we do not see why it should not some day be given to us. We believe that the comparative failure of all the translators is due to a misconception of what Andersen's real gift is, and the nature of the thing which they are called upon to render into English. We took up Mr. Sommer's volumes in the hope that at last we had found the inspired translation. His work is sound and honest, but it is not inspired. We will try to explain what it is that differentiates Andersen from all other writers, and makes him so difficult to translate.

When Andersen began to write for children he invented a totally new thing. It is true that the critics of his own country have pointed to his literary relationship with the German Musæus, whose *Volksmärchen*, no doubt, did point the way for Andersen. But when the latter once began to feel at ease, and learned to express his own individuality, there was an end to all superficial imitation of Musæus. The German story-teller had tried to give a popular and even an infantile air to his narrative, but his

naïvetés were not a little affected, and were essentially literary in their tone. Musæus was just an eighteenth-century *petit conteur* trying to seem to address an audience of German children, but really glancing over their heads every moment to see how their elders appreciated his tropes and turns. There is not a trace of all this in Andersen, whose prime characteristic and the main source of whose success is, that he writes of and to children as if none but children existed.

It is, in consequence, the peculiarity of Andersen's style that it is at once perfect and wilfully imperfect. It is perfect in that it is an almost faultlessly graceful and appropriate vehicle for the special images and trains of whimsical reflection, and, above all, for the abrupt narrative, which he desires to produce. It is imperfect in that it follows none of the recognized rules of writing, ignores syntax and sometimes grammar, invents a vocabulary, liquefies the frozen forms of speech to something absolutely easy and flowing, and is careful to present no expression and no turn of language which is not the common property of all Danish children. The Danish style of Andersen's fairy-tales, then, combines the utmost grace and picturesqueness with a total disregard of the acknowledged literary proprieties. Hence the extreme difficulty of rendering his charm in a foreign language. If the least flavour of vulgarity or commonness is allowed to slip in, the volatile perfume of the thing is gone; if, on the other hand, correct and stately forms, or a rigid syntax, are indulged in, the delicious infantile air of the narrative disappears.

Some translators of Andersen have made the first of these blunders, and we turn from the insipidity of their versions. Mr. Sommer has avoided this Charybdis, but he nears a Scylla of his own. His language, without swelling into Wardour Street, is too elaborate, too adult. He has not ventured to make Andersen prattle on in his own perfectly artless way, and ever and anon we find him positively shrinking from the Danish writer's egregious simplicity. The fault is not one which is serious enough to destroy our pleasure in reading the stories, but it certainly prevents our full comprehension of Andersen's manner. It is, perhaps, presumptuous to dash in where so many have failed, but we must endeavour to justify our criticism by an example. Here is Mr. Sommer's translation of a fragment of "The Swineherd":—

"I hope it is not natural," said the princess.

"Yes, certainly it is natural," replied those who had brought the presents.

"Then let it fly," said the princess, and refused to see the prince.

But the prince was not discouraged. He painted his face, put on common clothes, pulled his cap over his forehead, and came back.

"Good day, emperor," he said; "could you not give me some employment at the Court?"

"There are so many," replied the emperor, "who apply for places that for the present I have no vacancy; but I will remember you. But wait a moment; it just comes into my mind. I require somebody to look after my pigs, for I have a great many."

That is by no means a bad paraphrase; but this, word for word, is as nearly as possible what Andersen says:—

"I shouldn't think it can be real," said the princess.

"Oh! yes, it's a real bird," said the people who had brought it.

"Well, then, let the bird fly away," said the princess; and she would not hear of allowing the prince to come.

But he would not be discouraged; he smeared his face with brown and black, pulled his cap down over his head, and knocked at the door.

"Good day, emperor," said he; "can't I come and be a servant here in the Castle?"

"Why, yes!" said the emperor. "I want somebody who can look after pigs. We have such a lot of them!"

We do not say that this is so elegant as Mr. Sommer's, but we think we can assert that it would be easier for children to follow, and is more childlike as narrative. We merely ask for an impartial comparison of our last paragraph with Mr. Sommer's. Here Andersen used eighteen words, and we have been forced to use twenty; but why should Mr. Sommer swell it out into forty-eight?

The large-paper edition of this book, which lies before us, bound in gilt white buckram, is a magnificent example of the skill of the Ballantyne Press. We have seen no more splendid piece of recent printing, and the ink and paper are worthy of the type. The illustrations are numerous and not ineffective; although we cannot feel these mock-archaic designs, heavily handled throughout, and imitative of the rude woodcuts of the fifteenth century, to be wholly in

* *Stories and Fairy-Tales*. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by H. Oskar Sommer. 2 vols. With 100 Pictures by Arthur J. Gaskin. London and Orpington: George Allen.

keeping with the temper of Andersen. A block-book inspired by Mr. Walter Crane is not quite our ideal of an edition of the *Fairy Tales*, where all should be simple, clear, and relatively modern. Some of the smaller illustrations, produced in emulation of Holbein, are simple and good; but those in which a great deal of detail is attempted are apt to be confusing to the eye and flat in effect. There is no question, however, that this edition forms, on the whole, a noble monument to the genius of Hans Andersen. We have described the limited large paper edition, but there is also one, in two volumes, on small paper, prettily bound in decorated green cloth.

SPAIN.*

MR. WATTS is, in a sense, entitled to claim indulgence for his book on the ground that he has attempted what, to his knowledge, "has never been done before." To the best of our belief this is the first popular account of the history of Spain from the Moorish Conquest down to the fall of Granada which has been published in England. But this claim must be understood in the proper sense. It requires to be checked by the careful use of the adjective "popular." Hallam, whom Mr. Watts does not include among the authorities named in his preface, has given an excellent sketch of the constitutional history both of Castile and of Aragon, in his "Middle Ages." The general history of Dr. Dunham is also a very good and sound piece of work, of which Mr. Watts does speak, but with insufficient respect. Dunham's decision to write in what may be called perpendicular layers is exasperating to the reader, though tempting to the writer who has to deal with so complicated a subject as the mediæval history of Spain; but that is mainly a matter of form. It sounds very superior to say offhand that Dunham is "now entirely out of date," and was not "gifted with the instinct of history to guide him through the mists and mazes of the early Spanish chronicles." At least he knew them, which is more than we are prepared to assert of his critic. But Mr. Watts is given to taking a high tone with writers on Spanish history. He even pats Professor Dozy, to whom he, however, confesses his obligations, on the back as a person of "acumen and a true historical spirit," but "discursive and pugnacious, who will stop in the middle of an important research to fight with some rival Arabist." Professor Dozy undoubtedly fights one "rival Arabist" in his *Recherches*, which were professedly polemical; but he does no such thing in his *Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne*. This pooh-poohing tone is very unbecoming, even in a scholar. It sits particularly badly on Mr. Watts, whose own knowledge of the original authorities is manifestly of the second-hand order. We find him saying that "some of these individual chronicles of the kings, beginning with that of the chivalrous Alphonso XI., were reprinted during the last century under the care of the Spanish Academy; but the series is by no means complete." From this it appears that Mr. Watts has never seen Don Cayetano Roselli's *Crónicas de los Reyes de Castilla*. And yet it is in the Reference Library of the British Museum. If he had, he would know that the three Chronicles attributed to Fernan Sanchez de Tovar—Alphonso X., Sancho IV., and Ferdinand IV.—are now in print.

While making every allowance for the author of a popular history, we cannot but think that some knowledge of original authorities and of the meanings of names is useful even to him. It would at least preserve him from committing himself to such unmixt nonsense as this:—

"The Moslem army consisted almost entirely of Berbers, a fierce and warlike race, but lately converted to the new faith, whose appetite for war and conquest in Spain was whetted by the prospect of revenge. The Berbers were the descendants of the Vandals, who had been driven out of Spain by the Goths some three hundred years before. Tarik, their chief, was himself a Berber, and therefore of blood akin to those who had conquered Spain from the Romans. No doubt some of the leaders of the enterprise, and some who were most conspicuous thereafter in guiding it to results beneficial to mankind and to civilization, were Arabs; but it has not been sufficiently noted that the conquest of Spain was no exception, as at first sight it would appear to be, to the general law which rules the history of European nations, by which the conquerors come from the North. The invading Berbers under Tarik were but a reflex wave of the great Scandinavian stream. The Goths were to be replaced by a more vigorous shoot from the same stock."

A writer who solemnly presents us with a mare's-nest of this stately size escapes criticism. One can hardly answer him without starting from the rudiments.

But Mr. Watts's conception of the nature and the value of evidence is wholly strange to us. We cannot understand, for instance, by what rules he is guided in his treatment of the Bernardo del Carpio story. He knows that it is a mere romance of the thirteenth century, and that it is hopelessly wrong in names and dates. Yet he strives to show that it may have some basis of fact, and be of more value than the "monstrous fable of Roland." He argues that some of the Spanish ballads on Bernardo are "at least as old as the *Chanson de Roland*," while they may be credited with an authority even greater, seeing that they speak of events which happened on Spanish soil and reflect Spanish opinion." Yet we know that there was a Roland, Warden of the Marches of Brittany, and that he was killed when Charlemagne's rearguard was cut off by the Basques in the Western Pyrenees. We know, also, that there were songs "de Karlemaigne et de Rollant" in the eleventh century, whether they were or were not identical with the existing "Chanson." Of Bernardo del Carpio we hear nothing till the thirteenth century, and there is not a scintilla of evidence that any Spanish ballad was in existence for generations after the songs which Taillefer chanted in front of the Norman army at Hastings. The truth is, to anybody who applies the ordinary canons of criticism, that the Bernardo del Carpio story was a late answer to, and patriotic imitation of, the French legend of Roland. Historically, it is of no more value than "the impudent invention," as Mr. Watts calls it, that St. James appeared at the imaginary battle of Clavijo. Why is one fiction more "impudent" than the other? The only distinction that Mr. Watts makes is, that the Clavijo story was invented in the "interests of the shrine." Mr. Watts is apt to be severe on "monkish chroniclers," and to indulge in an undertone of jape about the Church. This is a very disqualifying frame of mind in a writer on Spanish history—mediæval or other.

We have dwelt at some length on these two passages, though they lie at the threshold of Mr. Watts's book, because a writer's general knowledge and power of estimating evidence are of vital importance. It would be easy to go through Mr. Watts's book, and select examples of inaccurate expressions or of damaging omissions. There is, at least, great laxity in speaking of Berengaria, the daughter of Alphonso VIII., as of English blood, on the ground that her mother, Eleanor, was a daughter of Henry II. To say that Isabel the Catholic was of the same blood is no more correct. The Royal families of Europe were then as much intermarried as now, and formed a race apart. It is carrying patriotism to a strange point to attribute the virtues of Berengaria to the very small mixture of English blood which she inherited from her great-great-grandmother, the wife of our Henry I. It is a mistake to say that "the present cathedral of Leon was erected . . . in 1063" to receive the body of Saint Isidore. The style of that church, which is a very advanced example of the French Gothic, answering to our Decorated, should have warned Mr. Watts. Indeed, in another place he does say truly enough that the cathedral of Leon was built by French architects in the thirteenth century. San Isidro has his own church—grave romanesque work, as unlike the "pulchra Leonina" as the *Chanson de Roland* is to the *Ballade des Dames du temps jadis*. It is not nearly precise enough to say that the "Ricosombres" were "noble men, including not only the men of title, who were few in those days, but those possessed of estates." The "rico" in this word answers to the "ric" in bishopric, and such words. It meant the ruling men, not the merely rich men in the modern sense. Again, it is quite wrong to say that Sancho IV. claimed to succeed to the throne in preference to the infant sons of his elder brother under any "Visigothic law" which gave the second son a preference over grandsons, "on the abstract ground that he was one degree nearer in blood, but perhaps for the more practical reason that he was better able to maintain his state and dignity." The Visigothic monarchy was elective in the house of Alaric till his line became extinct in Amalaric, and then without limit of family. Sancho's doctrine that proximity was to be more considered than representation was not peculiarly Visigothic, nor yet Spanish. It was the basis of the case of the Bruces against the Balliols in their suit for the crown of Scotland. Mr. Watts speaks of the "Catalan or Valencian, the offshoot of Provençal," as if the names were interchangeable; whereas the Valencian is a separate dialect, though close akin to the Catalan. We do not expect full or exact detail from such a book as Mr. Watts's. Still, a writer who has real knowledge can, even in a general sketch, indicate at least the essential things, and can state what he

* *Story of the Nations—Spain; being a Summary of Spanish History from the Moorish Conquest to the fall of Granada (711–1492 A.D.)* By H. E. Watts. London: Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

does mention with precision. Here is a strangely vague phrase:—"In return [for grants of land taken from the Moors] the Barons [of Aragon] were required to render him [the King] military service, so that the feudal system may be said to have existed in Aragon and Catalonia before it prevailed in Castile, if it ever did so in the latter kingdom." Mr. Watts has unquestionably heard the Spanish jingle, "Que si y que no, y que sé yo?" "Yes and no, and what do I know?" He must excuse us for saying that his sentence has brought it to our mind. Surely it must be known whether a Castilian held his land on condition of rendering certain specified services, or whether he held it as property, and was bound by the general obligation to serve in the host. As a matter of fact, it is known that he held his land as property, but that there were some fiefs, of which the most famous was that "County of Portugal," which in time became the kingdom, and independent. The experience did not tend to make the kings of Spain in love with the feudal system. They were no more fond than William the Conqueror of a tenure which allowed the under vassal to believe that he was only bound to be loyal to his immediate lord. Since Mr. Watts touched on constitutional history at all, something should have been said of the Behetrias. Foolish national vanity may lead a Spaniard to say that Alphonso VI. was "the first to whom may be applied the name *Afrancesado*, as being the first who cultivated that connexion with France which is held by patriotic Spaniards to have been so calamitous for their country." It is, however, only a very foolish national vanity which would talk in such a silly way of the foreign influence which Castile felt in common with Italy, Germany, and England, and to which all owed so much in their Church, their literature, and their architecture. The later and easier period of Spanish history is told by Mr. Watts readably enough—though never otherwise than superficially. If we appear to have treated him harshly, let it be remembered that Mr. Watts is an absolute Malvolio in his tone of superiority to others.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.*

"ADVENTURES are to the adventurous," as Ixion wrote in the album. They seem to befall not only Mr. Haggard's heroes, but his friends, and his dedication of *Montezuma's Daughter* to the late Mr. Jebb contains in half a page materials for a romance. Mr. Jebb, it seems, knew the whereabouts near Mexico of a great Aztec treasure buried during the Spanish conquest. But mysterious circumstances have again concealed the gold of Montezuma. Has Mr. Haggard no guess as to the locality of the *cache*? Not even the hoard of Agamemnon could be more curious than the golden suns, and beasts, and birds of the Aztec regalia. A company financed by archeologists might be started with Mr. Haggard in command, and if he has luck he should bring home not only "copy" but such marvels as the Spaniards sent to the melting pot or gambled away in a night. Nothing is more scarce than genuine Aztec antiquities; and somewhere there does exist, it seems, the hoard for which Thomas Wingfield, in *Montezuma's Daughter*, endured hardness. Again, Mr. Jebb, we learn, possessed a mystic Aztec idol, which Mr. Haggard declined to accept at his hands, perhaps remembering the ring given to Venus. What was the matter with the idol? Did it walk the darkling house at midnight, like the bronze statue in Lucian? Did it clamour for fresh sacrifice, and the palpitating hearts of men?

As Mr. Haggard can get so much romance into a dedication, it need hardly be said that he puts plenty into his novel. "Here is richness!" we may say with Mr. Squeers. Here is a splendid anodyne at the service of fidgety and troublesome youth during a wet day in the Christmas holidays. The boy who once begins to listen to Thomas Wingfield will scarcely hear even "that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." The chief drawback to the book is one noted, in regard to another subject, by Sir Walter Scott. There are historical moments in which fiction can hardly cope with fact, and no mortal man, however inventive, could have imagined the marvels which history leaves ready to Mr. Haggard's hands in the works of Bernal Diaz, Bernardino Sahagun, Acosta, and all the authorities of Prescott. The resurrection of the Princess Papantzin, for example, the figure of the shrouded dead in the Royal gardens, with her revelation of the life to come, and of the ruin to arrive from the sea, might seem an exaggerated fable to persons who do not know that no historical fact is better attested. The other prodigies are, at least, matter of contemporary belief, and Mr. Haggard does not even use the strangest,

the story of the hind who burned the nose of Montezuma's "astral body," the scar being transferred to the Royal feature in the ordinary body. For this singular circumstance, however, we have only the authority (as far as we know) of the credulous Acosta. The death-struggle of Mexico, again, has no historical parallel, unless it be the death-struggle of Carthage or of Jerusalem. Flaubert, in his mood when he wrote *Salammbô*, would have been at home in "The Night of Terror," and in the awful last days of the siege of the lake city. Mr. Haggard may have historical authority, though we are not acquainted with it, for the briefer, but not less fearful, last fight of the Otomies under the Princess Otomie, his heroine. The madness of the women, the religious frenzy of their latest sacrifice, which carried away even the half-Christian Princess, the volcanic breaking forth of the savage nature which had long been tamed, make a picture natural, impressive, and as true as human nature.

Through these dreadful events, through the fight on the Teocalli top (where he lies bound with his bride as a victim to Huitzilopochtli), Thomas Wingfield is led in the romance. Leaving a peaceful home and a peaceful love in Norfolk on a quest of revenge for the most deadly of all wrongs, Thomas Wingfield pursues a Spanish villain, till they meet at last, where the ice surrounds the crest of the crater of Xaca. So far he pursues his enemy, through danger, torture, through godship and slavery, and at last he is not revenged of his own hand, and his sword is unstained. The villain is a regular unredeemed villain, and part of his iniquity is the turning of an open English nature into a spirit of vengeance which is hardly capable of repentance. Among the fictitious characters, that of Otomie is the most carefully studied, attractive, and forcible; among the historical persons, Montezuma, with his bigotry, superstition, and relaxed resolve, as of a doomed and hopeless victim, is a good foil to the nobility and barbaric chivalry of Guatemoc. Our old friend, Bernal Diaz, the historian and conqueror, comes in with his pleasant cheery common sense, and is felt as an element of relief among so many truculent scenes and characters. Mr. Haggard is, no doubt, hardly so much at home among Aztecs as among Vikings and Zulus; we have scarcely the same sense of reality as in the savage epic of *Nada the Lily* or in the saga of *Eric*. But the landscape is drawn from nature with broad and vigorous touches; the awful religion is powerfully rendered; the fight and the love scene on the Teocalli compose one of Mr. Haggard's most stirring scenes, and the whole tale is a kind of *Salammbô* of the West. Many of the illustrations are excellent, especially the attempt to escape by the lake and the last ride of the haunted villain, "with death behind him in the shape of a man."

EUROPEAN HISTORY—1789-1815.*

ALTHOUGH we do not find any mention in this book of the special purpose for which it has been written, it is impossible not to discern it, and it would scarcely be fair either to the author or our readers to take no notice of it. The projected series to which this volume belongs, and of which it is the first to appear, clearly seems to owe its origin, partly to the arrangement of the work required for the Honours School of Modern History at Oxford, and partly to the mania for supplying knowledge to the candidates in that school with as little trouble to them as possible, for saving them the labour of reading large books and hunting up things for themselves; which mania is itself born of the pernicious mistake—too prevalent, nowadays, in places of teaching, we will not say of learning—that the first duty of the tutor is to impart such amount of information to his pupils as will enable them to win certain distinctions and rewards, rather than generally to educate their minds, and so enable them in after years to select and follow out with good effect some special line of study. Mr. Stephens's book, then, if our theory as to its origin is correct—and we can scarcely be mistaken about it—is primarily intended for those who are "taking up the period" of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars for examination at Oxford, and must, therefore, be regarded as a kind of glorified school-book. Looking at it in this light, we think that it is, on the whole, a decidedly satisfactory production; it is lucidly, though otherwise not particularly well written, concise, and accurate, and it is evidently the work of an author who knows far more about his subject than he has found it advisable to set down. Had it, however, been written with no such

* *Montezuma's Daughter*. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

* *Europe, 1789-1815*. By H. Morse Stephens, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford, Lecturer on Indian History at Cambridge, Author of "A History of the French Revolution" &c. Period VII. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co. 1893.

special aim as that which we have attributed to it, and, therefore, without any strict limits of space, we might have complained, though not loudly, that it has not given the biographical side of the history—of which, as we know from his other work, Mr. Stephens has much knowledge—the prominence that it deserves, that it is in parts rather too closely packed, and that it might have been made far more interesting. Not that we have found it by any means heavy reading; it is too full of valuable matter for that, and the points on which the author has written at some length—such as the conflicting aims of Austria under Leopold II. and Prussia under Frederick William II. at the time of the Conference of Reichenbach, the results of the victory of the Thermidorians both on the foreign policy and the domestic arrangements of France, the character of the Napoleonic reforms, and the interests and diplomatic struggles of the different Powers represented at the Congress of Vienna—are treated in a fashion that can scarcely fail to give pleasure to any reader of sufficient education to care for such things.

Here and there we come on something that we could wish altered. To describe the Emperor Joseph II., whose rage for innovation, precipitancy, and political ignorance well-nigh brought the Empire to ruin, as a "singularly able" monarch is surely to use words without having weighed their meaning. It can scarcely be an expression of the writer's deliberate judgment, for he afterwards praises Leopold II. for undoing the larger part of his brother's work. The demand for arms which led to the taking of the Bastille is rather oddly described as the result of a desire "to strengthen the King" in resistance to his Court; it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that the people armed themselves in order to make the King understand that he was to dance to their tune, and not to the piping of their opponents. While expressing abhorrence of the massacres of September, Mr. Stephens asserts that they began "fortuitously," and his judgment deserves to be treated with respect. At the same time, we can scarcely call events fortuitous that are the natural consequences of deliberate action, and we suspect that, awful as was the guilt of those who might have stopped these fiendish murders, and refrained from doing so because they approved of them, their guilt extends further back, and that they must be held to have laid the powder, if they did not actually apply the match, that caused this horrible catastrophe. Robespierre, we are told, had very slight influence in the second Committee of Public Safety, the Committee of the Terror, and was used as a "figure-head" by the other members. These expressions, though capable of defence, are perhaps likely to convey an exaggerated impression. It is true that Robespierre was a man of theory rather than of action, a dreamer of impossible dreams, as we take him to have been, filled with aspirations born of a blind attachment to mistaken maxims and fed by conceit and prejudice. But if he was so able a statesman as Mr. Stephens would have us believe, so clear-sighted, sagacious, and the rest of it, then this "profoundly religious" man is not to be exonerated from one feather-weight of the damning load of guilt which the Committee heaped upon themselves, down to the day of his own destruction. Mr. Stephens notes very well the character of the atheistic movement in Paris which was disliked by the Committee, and was, indeed, to no small extent an attempt of the party of the Commune to regain some of its former influence. On the other hand, we are surprised to find no notice of the death of Marat. We remember, if we may for a moment refer to the author's *History of the French Revolution*, that our disapprobation was excited by the way in which this famous incident was treated there. If he can still find excuses for Marat's many crimes, and no palliation for the one crime of her who rid the world of a monster, his silence here is judicious.

As an example of the really excellent manner in which Mr. Stephens lays before his readers the position of parties in France at different epochs, we may point to what he says about the Clichian party and its opposition to the Directory. The victory of the Directors had an important bearing on the career of Bonaparte, for they gained it by the help of the army, and the death of Hoche in the same month left Bonaparte, without a rival, the greatest general of France, and therefore, "practically the master of the political situation." Mr. Stephens has wisely refrained from entering at length on the Napoleonic wars; the size of his volume would have prevented him from doing so satisfactorily; and though, of course, he mentions the more important battles, he avoids military details, and dwells instead on the effect that the several campaigns had on the mutual relations of the States of Europe. We gather that he believes that Napoleon really intended to invade England from Boulogne, and, in spite of the arguments that have been advanced on the other

side, we are inclined to hold the same opinion. Napoleon's marshals certainly believed that he was set on the project, and were thoroughly in earnest about it themselves. Still it is perfectly possible that he instituted the Camp chiefly as a means of exhausting the resources of Great Britain, and partly as a training ground for the Grand Army, which was to be used to crush Austria, as it did soon after the Camp was broken up. The humiliation of Austria was followed by the overthrow of Prussia, and when the next year the defeat of the Russians at Friedland enabled the Emperor Alexander to follow his personal inclination and make peace at Tilsit, Napoleon was in a position fully to carry out his cherished scheme for the ruin of England by the destruction of her commerce. The volume ends with a rapid survey of the new European system established by the Congress of Vienna. It has some useful Appendices, containing tables of the rulers and chief ministers of the Great Powers from 1789 to 1815, of the Bonapartist family, and of Napoleon's marshals, a good Index, and four maps.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

TO judge from the supply, stories of the sea hold the first place of favour among boys, and those that are most exuberant in invention, and excessive, if not riotous, in the matter of adventure, seem to be chiefly in demand. Mr. Robert Leighton, should he deal with wrecks and pirates and buried treasure, is no observer of set conventions. He is not so anxious to please that he will forget to be persuasive. He is no blind scatterer of the exciting condiments of fiction, but shapes the course of his story with plausible art. Thus in his capital story of *The Wreck of the Golden Fleece* (Blackie & Son), Mr. Leighton tells of the life of Lowestoft fishermen during the times of the French Revolution with force and sobriety, never outraging probability, yet keeping the reader alert and engaged from the first to the last page. His fisher folk and seafaring men are very well drawn, and in Mr. Frank Brangwyn they find a strong and veracious illustrator. No less a person than Arthur Young makes a fleeting appearance in the first scene of the story as one who knew more about agriculture than any one living, and as "a friend of King George." He has his theory about the herrings, as of every other subject, and is no believer in the local belief in the migration of the fish from the far North. Then there are French refugees, one of whom plays an important part in the story in conjunction with the hero. He is the victim of a murderous attack, and makes a mysterious disappearance. The mystery is skillfully sustained to the end, and among the many exciting incidents of the book is the pursuit of the villain on the high seas who is supposed to have murdered him. *Just like Jack*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Hodder & Stoughton), is "a story of the brine and the breeze." There are two Jacks in it. One is Jack Ross, who would be a sailor, and passes through a kind of involuntary, or rather unpremeditated, apprenticeship before he becomes a middy. The other Jack is a terrier, known as Jack Skye, whose performances are not less prominent in the chronicle than the hero's. Indeed, the dog and his master are friendly rivals, and both heroic. The fight between Jack Skye and Jocko, the ship's monkey, is a stirring episode, set forth with something of Homeric spirit in the seventh chapter of the adventures of Jack Ross. The terrier turns up in the most unexpected fashion all through the story. When his master plunges into the sea on hearing the cry "Man overboard!" during lifeboat-drill, Jack Skye follows him, and shares the ridicule of the venture. Scarcely less amusing, though somewhat over-coloured, is the Yankee skipper Zach, whose crew Jack Ross joins, and passes through varied adventures of a surprising kind before he returns to his native land.

The Desert Ship, by John Bloundelle-Burton (Hutchinson & Co.), is a wild and wondrous yarn about a search for buried treasure, or for what had been buried and was revealed in strange circumstances to the light of day. The treasure lay in a Spanish galleon which was stranded in the midst of the great alkaline desert of Colorado, which was once an extension of the Gulf of California. Such, at least, is the belief of Indians and white men to this day, and in fixing the period of this mighty redistribution of land and water in historic times, even since the first visit of the Spaniards to the Pacific coast, Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is decidedly a romancer bold. However, the motif serves to inspire a stirring yarn. The treasure-ship had been visited by certain Englishmen towards the close of the last century, one of whom survives to take part in the quest, some twenty years later, of which the story tells. A rival expedition is fitted out from

Cadiz, but less fortunate than the two "Sea Lions" of Cooper's story, this Spanish ship comes to grievous misfortune, and the quest is for the English party. After enduring shipwreck and strange perils and much fighting with Indians, the treasure-seekers sight the mysterious ship in the spectral desert. The horrors of the way—and horrible they are—are forgotten. They reach the great galleon, passing on the way the bodies of certain of her crew, preserved for more than two centuries by the salts of the desert, and are prepared to carry off the spoil, when they are almost surprised by the onslaught of their rivals from Cadiz. There is a tremendous fight, but they get off with a prodigious booty, and all ends well. Much that is effective in Mr. Blount-Burton's story is due to the circumspet and somewhat precise style of the narrative, and to the well-devised prologue.

Mr. Gilbert Parker more than sustains the reputation he has gained in fiction with his latest story, *The Trespasser*, issued as "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual." Mr. Parker treats of, or rather suggests in this powerful story, certain problems of heredity and atavism, the working of which is laid bare in the action of the story, and though he deals with much family history, he shuns the pretentious method of the *naturalistes*, and does not insist upon the study of every twig of the genealogical tree. In a word, Mr. Parker's drama plays itself, and needs no tedious commentary of a pseudo-scientific kind to explain its development. The hero, having spent a wild and variegated youth in North America, arrives at his ancestral home in England determined to claim his own. His father had fled from the parental roof in disgrace, the discovery of which was due to the treachery of his brother, married a half-breed French Indian in America, and died comparatively young. Gaston Belward, his only son, has a game to play in the new world of social distinction and high civilization. Ancestral influences assert themselves the moment he finds himself in the home of his family. There is a romantic strain in him, which, with his own intellectual gifts and good looks, enables him to play the part of victor, not of the son of a prodigal son. He tells his story to his grandparents—a strange and, for them, a trying story it is—and conquers. He appears to be—and half believes in the metempsychosis—his gallant ancestor, who died at Naseby, come to life again, to whose portrait in the old house he bears a striking resemblance. Everybody acknowledges the magnetism of his personality, except his uncle—the man who wrought his father deadly injury. The uncle forces his hand by taunting him with his Indian blood, and the nephew knocks him down in his wrath. Veiling his malice, the uncle invites Gaston to Paris. He accepts the invitation; and from that moment the game is up. The hand of fate is on his shoulder, impelling him towards the snare, and the evil genius of the father proves to be the evil genius of the son. The means and the end must be left to the reader of this impressive story. It is worked out with admirable skill. One little slip we must notice, as something notable in so clever a story-teller. Some one compliments Gaston on his pianoforte-playing, and he explains that he always had a taste for music, and in the Wild West cultivated "an old melodeon"—"and that's how I can play one or two of Beethoven's symphonies pretty well." The shock of this monstrous absurdity left us breathless.

Mr. F. H. Winder's story of Nelson's days, *With the Sea Kings* (Blackie & Son), though planned on lines that are somewhat hackneyed, is told in spirited style, and abounds in moving adventures on the sea and in Algerian prisons. The hero, who runs away from home, and joins a privateer's crew, is an English boy, who deserves all the good fortune he gains—even the approbation of Nelson and the honours of Trafalgar. His companion, Seabright, an extremely audacious and ready-witted young officer, is also capably drawn. Mr. R. Ward's *Supplejack* (Chapman & Hall) is a New Zealand romance, apparently the work of a New Zealand colonist, whose enviable fund of high spirits finds ample expression in the facetious pages of this singular volume. Farcical comedy we all know, but farcical romance is a novel entertainment in these grave times. In this story we have a young Maori chief masquerading as a white man, and a comic Irishman, tricked out as a Maori, enjoying all the privileges of *tapu*. The Irishman, who is known as Arapata, is a member of a Maori Secret Society—"The Unmitigated Shufflers"—and the description of a "Lodge" of this brotherhood is one of the choicest of the many rollicking scenes of this lively book. Like his friend Arapata, the hero Jack has turned "pakeha Maori," which seems to have been, in the early history of the colony, a profitable, if somewhat disreputable, calling. For the benefit of the English reader a vocabulary of Maori terms is appended to the story.

The practised hand of the Rev. H. C. Adams is skilfully employed in the historical story of the first Jacobite rising, *In the '15* (Hodder & Stoughton). The story embraces a much

larger period than the title seems to imply; for it begins some twenty years earlier than the '15, with the battle of Killiecrankie. The story deals, not merely with a great historical event, but portrays faithfully life in England two centuries ago. *Roger the Ranger*, by Eliza F. Pollard (Partridge & Co.), is a well-written tale of the strife between French and English for supremacy in North America, in which both Wolfe and Montcalm figure as heroes. In selecting the career of Sir John Oldcastle for the historical basis of his story of the Lollards—*A Champion of the Faith* (Blackie & Son)—Mr. J. M. Callwell has made a wise choice, which is thoroughly justified by his judicious treatment of what is a suggestive, and by no means outworn, theme. There is, indeed, much freshness and spirit in this story. If, as is probable, not boys only, but some of their parents, are not very confident as to the character of Sir John Oldcastle and the aims of his followers, Mr. Callwell's book will interest them as a story and give them true ideas of Lollardism and the Lollards. *The Cruise of the Cormorant*, by Arthur Lee Knight (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is another story of a search for treasure, exciting enough as to the hairbreadth escapes and perils of which it tells, but decidedly not speciously devised as to the invention of it. We have also received *The Eagle Cliff*, by R. M. Ballantyne (Partridge & Co.), second edition; *Reff's Rancho*, by F. M. Holmes (Blackie & Son), a lively tale of cowboys and Indians; *The Story of Herbert Archer; and other Tales*, by Lady Charles Thynne and others (Hogg); a new edition of Mary Howitt's *Sketches of Natural History*, with pretty illustrations by H. Giacomelli (Nelson & Sons); *The Story of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by Robert Chambers (W. & R. Chambers), new and revised edition; and *The Story of John Howard and J. F. Oberlin* (W. & R. Chambers).

Holly Leaves, the Christmas number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, is full of good stories. "A Fancy Bet," by Mr. Finch Mason, is a clever and amusing story of a barrack-room bet and its consequences. This is followed by an attractive story by Mr. F. C. Philips, "Miss Ormerod's Protégé." Mr. Alfred Watson's story, "A Lucky Mistake," is clever; and, as might be expected, displays an intimate knowledge of racing matters. Among so many good stories we note particularly Mr. Bram Stoker's powerful story, "The Squaw." Other well-known authors—such as Messrs. F. W. Robinson, Paul Cushing, Walter Herries Pollock, and so on—contribute to the general excellence of the publication. It remains only to be said that the illustrations, of which "Hamlet on Tour" is perhaps the best, are worthy of the letterpress.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS.*

THE five parts of which this book consists are published loose in a portfolio—a slightly awkward arrangement, as the prints easily become misplaced. One or two of them, however—as, for instance, "The Barber's Shop," after Mr. Reinhart, or the "Musmee," a Japanese figure, after Mr. Blum—would look very well in frames. The Musmee's figure is particularly graceful and the colour not displeasing. Mr. Abbey's "Two Sisters" is an elaborate and highly finished piece of work, but the scarlet geraniums on the window-ledge are too hard, and, as artists say, swear at the Persian carpet. A grand piano, one of the most difficult objects an artist can handle, is so treated as to be almost picturesque. Both the sisters are characterized by enormous chins. There is some very fine drawing in "A Russian Cossack," by Mr. Remington. "A Sketch," by Mr. Metcalf, represents a lady in yellow, and has considerable merit in its easy handling; but it passes the skill even of this clever artist to make a model with so plain a face, and so bad a squint, more than tolerable. The printing in colours is admirable. The drawing of "A Patriarch," by Mr. Reinhart, is forcible yet soft, and the composition is excellent. "Echoes of the Waltz," by the same artist, has none of these merits; the single figure is wanting in grace, and is, in fact, a mere bundle of ill-fitting clothes. A very clever pen-and-ink drawing by Mr. Gibson, of half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen, pairing for the march in to dinner, is rather in the well-known Du Maurier style, but lacks distinction in the figures. We cannot admire "A Proposal," by Mr. de Meza, the man's attitude is so awkward. "Lilith" and "The Expulsion," by Mr. Cox, are failures—mere models grouped in academic but uncomfortable fashion. There is a pretty and even affecting sketch, "At a Way Station—The Postmaster's Assistant," by Mr. Herbert Denman. It would be only too easy to fit a story to such a face and figure. There is a

* *American Illustrators*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

promising portrait by Mr. Irving B. Willis of, we may suppose, a husband and wife. It is original but gruesome, and has none of the light and airy grace of Reynolds or Gainsborough. Finally, we must pause to admire Mr. Vedder's "Sibyl," though we have seen it so often before.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith writes in a straightforward and not too American style, but, on the whole, avoids criticism, saying in his preface, "I have erred on the side of optimism and noted only the very best our men produce." He has "a profound abiding belief in the future" of American art. Certainly these "process" engravings are all interesting and many of them good; but some of us will regret the woodcuts by which the American illustrators first made themselves a name in Europe. More pains were taken in those days. It is now so easy to make a block of any drawing that an immense quantity of poor stuff gets itself published, and there is some even in Mr. Smith's collection.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second series of the scattered notes and monographs on his favourite period by that excellent scholar, patriot, and man of letters, the late M. Siméon Luce (1), appears with prefatory remarks by two distinguished friends of his, M. François Coppée and M. Léon Gautier. Both, as was certain beforehand, are excellently written; and both contain very agreeable glimpses and side-lights on an engaging character and a career of letters which is now rare in England. The extreme costliness of life among us, the lack of any proportionate advance in literary earnings, the ignorant impatience of sinecures which has prevailed for the last two generations, and the fashionable folly which burdens even academic persons with all sorts of unnecessary fussing about worthless "duties" of this kind and that—make it almost impossible for an Englishman, unless he has a private fortune, to give himself up to unhampered study. He cannot live the life—free from journalism, schoolmastering, lecturing, "boards of studies," and other manifestations of the more than temporary supremacy of the devil—which the École des Chartes, the Collège de France, the public libraries, and a crowd of agreeable, if modestly paid, posts make possible in France. The French still perceive that scholars, like the food of scholars, must be "humoured, not drove," and that to force a man to be ready at any moment to write a leading article or a review, to set him down for a day's work at totting up accounts, or grinding school-boys through the rudiments, or perpetually varying schools and triposes, "extending" universities, devising a cunning timetable whereby he may deliver the same lecture at a dozen places, and so forth, is not the most certain way of getting him to produce *ex napépyrou*, and in his scanty and scrappy leisure, non-paying or hardly paying work of the scholarly and really literary kind.

Of the class of men whom this survival of ancient common sense in France produces, M. Luce is an excellent example. He did not live quite to complete that monumental recension of Froissart which was his crowning labour; but he did a great deal of it, and he did not a little besides. His period no less than his temperament begat an amiable Chauvinism in him, and though he probably would not have hurt an English fly, or been rude to an English 'Arry,

Good Lord! how he did plume himself
Upon that fight of Formigny!

as we may justifiably alter Mr. Thackeray. The biographer of Bertrand Du Guesclin and of Joan of Arc, a Norman born, and sworn archivist to Mont Saint-Michel, he would not have been good for much if he had not brandished his battleaxe and shouted his "Dex aie" at wicked Englishmen. And most certainly we shall not be angry with him for doing so. It is true that M. Léon Gautier, with the double authority of scholarship and friendship, admits in him "une tendance trop vive à des généralisations trop absolues." We are not, for instance, quite satisfied by the evidence that he produces here that Nicholas Behuchet boxed King Edward III.'s ears after the battle of Sluys. But, whether Nicholas boxed or did not box Edward, it is historically certain that Edward hanged Nicholas; so the account stands considerably to our credit. And, after all, who is this Louis d'Estouteville, who this Jeanne Paynel, over whose feats against us M. Luce gloats? Just Mr. Lewis Stutfield, just Miss Jane Pennell, who chose to write their names French-fashion, and fight against their kinsmen. So no more of these family quarrels, especially as, with Cressay and Poitiers,

with Agincourt and Verneuil, to its credit, the North-Chânel half of the family has not so very much to blush for. *A Normand, Normand et demi.*

We can do little more at present than chronicle the appearance of the second volume of the very important and, now and then, very interesting memoirs of the Chancellor-Duke Pasquier (2). They still deal with Napoleonic times, and are to a great extent devoted to showing—no doubt with the strictest accuracy—how Pasquier endeavoured to mitigate the despotic character of the Imperial Government, and to impress on the Emperor himself and his blinder, or more servile, instruments how thoroughly they were alienating the temper of the French nation from themselves.

We must give even briefer mention to an excellent little treatise on *L'art arabe*, by A. Guyet (Paris: Imprimeries Réunies), a number of the capital "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," and an exceptionally interesting one to turn over because of the peculiar suitability of arabesque, &c., for reproduction in black and white; to a thoughtful and excellently intentioned volume of essays on questions of the day, entitled *Aurore et crépuscule*, by Mathias Hauteborne (Paris: Perrin); to divers new fascicules of the extremely cheap, full, and varied *Dictionnaire encyclopédique* of M. Camille Flammarion (Paris: Flammarion), and to the interesting part of M. Léon Sentupéry's *L'Europe politique* (Paris: Lecène, Oudin, et Cie) on England, which contains a great deal of miscellaneous information, and a Parliamentary guide, correct enough in great matters, a little weak in small. Thus we knew not Mr. Goschen's knighthood; and though "M. Dum, M.P." would be almost the ideal of a legislator—a man to take and cut out in little eyes and plant that his kind might multiply—we fear that Paisley is actually represented by Mr. Dunn.

Of school-books we have an edition of *Les plaideurs*, by M. Léon Delbos (London: Williams & Norgate); a curious *First Lesson in French*, translated from M. Gouin (London: Philip), which appears to be a combination of the old "little by little" plan, and of the Squeersian "and then he goes and does it"; and a kind of dictionary of *French Idioms and Proverbs*, by M. Payen-Payne (Nutt), full and carefully done, and, almost everywhere where we have examined it, most unusually correct.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

CAMP-FIRES of a Naturalist, by Clarence E. Edwords (Sampson Low & Co.), will be read with very various emotions by persons who love sport or natural history, who view with very different eyes the approaching extinction of "big game" throughout the world. Emotion of some kind, we are convinced, will stir every reader of this curious and vivid account of the hunting experiences of a zealous naturalist. The book comprises—to give its full title—"the story of fourteen expeditions after North American mammals, from the field notes of Lewis Lindsay Dyche, A.M., M.S., Professor of Zoölogy and curator of birds and mammals in the Kansas State University." In the museum of this University there is, Mr. Edwords writes, "the finest collection of mounted animals in the world." Mr. Dyche made this collection, and made it not only as a taxidermist, but as a hunter, most of the specimens having fallen to his gun. Mr. Edwords records but a selection of his exploits, yet it gives a lively impression of the patience and endurance of Mr. Dyche, and of his determination to secure specimens while specimens were yet to be bagged. For example, of the last survivors of the last herd of wild bison he obtained fourteen. Somewhat late in the day something has been done to protect this interesting animal, which is now practically extinct as a wild animal. Like the Indians, it is decreed that it should have its "reservations," which is a good thing, so far as it goes. What is (the value of a National Park with no living creatures in it but park-keepers and tourists? When Mr. Dyche began operations against that rare animal, the Rocky Mountain goat, it is supposed that only three cities could boast of specimens. There was a disreputable example in London at the British Museum; two specimens at Washington, and one at Leyden. Mr. Dyche felt that the time was ripe. If he did not go to work, some one would—such, we assume, was his view of the matter—and, after all, he would be only hastening the inevitable extinction of this remarkable beast. Then there was the World's Exposition at Chicago to be provided for. So Mr. Dyche went forth, and did such execution that Kansas now possesses thirty-four Rocky Mountain goats. Where

(1) *La France pendant la guerre de cent ans*. Par Siméon Luce. Seconde série. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Mémoires du chancelier Pasquier*. Tome II. 1812-1814. Paris: Plon.

is the British Museum now? In fact, Mr. Dyche set to work as if he were collecting specimens for the whole world of naturalists; for a world that was fated to know nothing of wild animals, excepting in the extinct stage of existence. On the same prodigious scale he secured bears, deer, "mountain lions," moose, elk, and other beasts. His hunting-grounds extended from British Columbia on the north to Colorado and New Mexico southward. The story of his deeds is full of exciting incidents. One morning he slew seven deer with seven shots. On another occasion he stalked goats so successfully as to obtain four with four successive shots. Mr. Edwards tells us that his book deals with facts only, and not one word has been added to the facts of the Professor's note-book to enhance the interest or excitement of the record. Never did facts less need embellishment.

One of the most remote territories of the Turkish dominions is described by Mr. Walter B. Harris in his interesting and well-illustrated book of travel, *A Journey through the Yemen* (Blackwood & Sons). Mr. Harris set out on his journey from Aden to the capital of the Yemen at a critical moment. The country was in an unsettled condition owing to the rising against the Turkish Government. But, facing the risks, Mr. Harris carried out his enterprise with success. Possibly, had he ventured by the route from Hodaïdah instead of from Aden, his journey would have had a different ending. As it was, he reached Senaa, only to be imprisoned by the Turkish Governor, despite the production of his passport and credentials—a singular ending of what promised at first to be a cordial interchange of views and greetings with that official. Mr. Harris gives an indignant account of this incident. He wants to know of what value is a British passport, duly vised by the Turkish Consul-General and signed by Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Perhaps, if Mr. Harris had diplomatically avoided the topic of the Arab rebellion, he might have gone on his way without let or hindrance, as his passport directed. Of the rebellion and its suppression he gives some interesting particulars. The Turks, he declares, came very near losing the province, which must have been a grievous loss to them, and no good thing for Aden; for that port benefits by the trade of the Yemen. Under Arab rule, in old times, no caravans could pass into Aden from the interior. But now, says Mr. Harris, owing to the enormous Customs duties levied at Hodaïdah, the greater part of Yemen trade is driven to the free port of Aden.

Mr. J. Cuming Walters advises the reader of *Tennyson: Poet, Philosopher, Idealist* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) that he has not deemed it necessary to repeat the "small talk" of which great men are so often the victims in his "Studies of the life, work, and teaching of the Poet Laureate." But, if he does not deal in small talk, he gives an inordinate amount of small comment, trite sentiment, and the flattest kind of platitude in this ponderous volume. Three hundred and fifty pages make up the tale, and 'tis all in this strain:—"Men seldom master the meaning of the word death. 'I change, but I cannot die,' said Shelley. 'There is no death; what seems so is transition,' was the avowal of Longfellow. Of departed Keats it was written, 'He hath awakened from the dream of life. He is a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely.'"

A tone of subservient admiration, and a fine feeling for the significance of big sales, are prominent features of Mr. R. H. Sherard's *Emile Zola* (Chatto & Windus), a book that impresses us as being merely old interview writ large, though professedly a "biographical and critical study." Mr. Sherard finds the statistics of the sales of M. Zola's books wonderfully attractive. He feels there is a difficulty in understanding why there has been such a great difference in the sales of the novels (p. 201), yet he hints at the solution of what is a very simple matter when he remarks (p. 172) of *Nana*:—"It is possible that the book may have attracted the public for other reasons; but how is that the fault of Zola—the moral, truth-seeking, and conscientious writer?" Mr. Sherard, apparently, thinks that the world should be astounded to learn that M. Zola lives the life of a good citizen, though it would puzzle him or anybody else to explain what there is surprising in Mr. Sherard's picture of M. Zola as the model citizen and the mirror of the domestic virtues. Surprising, perhaps, in a critical study, is the discovery in *Germinal* of humour surpassing that of all contemporary humourists; and in *La Bête Humaine* "a poet, and not untainted with romanticism"; and in *Germinal*—that "fictional epic"—a grandeur of style, &c. &c. These things may cease to surprise a world rid of romanticism (p. 210) when, as Mr. Sherard suggests, the fictional epic "will be taught to children as is to-day the Iliad and the Odyssey."

Mr. H. J. Leech has made an ingenious compilation from Mr. Gladstone's letters and speeches under the title *Mr. Gladstone's Life Told by Himself* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), and

something novel in the form of autobiography. Much of the book is exceedingly like a real narrative, and it is marvellous how slight are the necessary words of connexion interpolated by the compiler.

The Humour of Holland (Walter Scott), a recent instalment of the "Humour Series," is a selection from Dutch and Belgian authors, translated by A. Werner, with capital illustrations by Mr. Dudley Hardy and others. The humour of this volume is of the kind that should be taken sparingly. It is a little too obvious, as the translator observes, and, when at all good, is merely farcical, as in much of the extracts from Multatuli.

The new edition of *Living English Poets* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) introduces seventeen new writers, and notes the names of fourteen who have died since the book appeared in 1882, and are now unrepresented. The changes are referred to by the editors in general terms, though it would have been useful to have indicated the additions now made to this comely volume.

Manners and Customs of the French (Leadenhall Press) is a curious little book, illustrated by some drawings in colour, now reproduced from the copper-plates of the original, which was published "for the author" by Thomas Sotheran, of Old Broad Street, in 1815. Mr. Henry Sotheran thinks that this quaint little book was probably the earliest publication of his father. It was well worthy of revival, for the illustrations are spirited and interesting studies of Parisian customs, costumes, and characters.

Anecdotes of Burns, edited by John Ingram (Glasgow: Morison), is a regathering of "Burnsiana" into one volume, illustrated by the odd series of plates known as "Burns Illustrated in Miniature." The book may serve, the editor thinks, as a work of reference in a small way.

A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy (Smith, Elder, & Co.) is an abridgment, by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Pearson, of the well-known work on the Renaissance in Italy by the late Mr. J. A. Symonds. The author, we are told, approved of the issue of this work in condensed form, believing it would thus appeal to a larger public; and he had followed Colonel Pearson's project with interest during the last winter of his life, and expressed his satisfaction in it. In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the abstract shows skilful execution throughout.

The diverting *Vikram and the Vampire*, with Ernest Griset's illustrations, forms the new volume, the third, of Messrs. Tylston & Edwards's "Memorial edition" of the works of Sir Richard Burton; an edition that does not belie its title, since the volumes are attractive to the eye and convenient to the hand. Everybody knows, or should know, the merits of this selection from the "Baital-Pachisi," in which, as Lady Burton truly observes, there is not a dull page.

Mr. William Winter's *Shakespeare's England* (Macmillan & Co.) assumes a becoming form in the new illustrated edition; and, though these charming essays are themselves illustrative to a remarkable degree, the drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton and others, with the tasteful binding and good printing, are substantial attractions of a desirable little book.

We have also received Mr. James Conway's *Forays among Salmon and Deer* (London: Simpkin & Co.; Glasgow: Morison), new edition; Vol. III. of *British Fungus-Flora*, by George Massee (Bell & Sons), a classified text-book of mycology; *Genetic Philosophy*, by David Jayne Hill (Macmillan & Co.); *An Elementary Text-Book of Agricultural Botany*, by M. C. Potter, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Handbook of Public Health and Demography*, by Edward F. Willoughby, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.), being a third edition, enlarged and improved, of the author's *Principles of Hygiene*; *Literary Industries*, a memoir, by Hubert Howe Bancroft (New York: Harper & Brothers); *The English Citizen*, a book for continuation schools, &c., by Charles Henry Wyatt (Macmillan & Co.); *The Process of Argument*, by Alfred Sidgwick (A. & C. Black); *The Theory and Policy of Labour Protection*, from the German of Dr. Schäffle, edited by A. C. Morant (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Language and Linguistic Method*, Lectures by S. S. Laurie, second edition (Edinburgh: Thine); *Chapters in Modern Botany*, by Patrick Geddes (John Murray); "University Extension Manuals"; *Life of Robert Rudolph Suffield* (Williams & Norgate); *The Praises of Israel*, an Introduction to the study of the Psalms, by W. T. Davidson, D.D. (Kelly); *Introduction to the Study of Political Economy* (Macmillan & Co.), translated from the Italian of Professor Luigi Cossa by Louis Dyer, M.A., and revised by the author; *The Critical Review*, edited by Professor Salmond, Vol. III. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); *The Social Problem*, by the Rev. A. Osborne Jay, M.A. (Simpkin & Co.); *Mineral Resources of Western Australia*, by Albert F. Calvert (Philip & Son); Part XXVI, o

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In reviewing Mr. Jeaffreson's "Recollections," we stated that the writer of an article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" apologized for the treatment of a certain delicate incident. The Editor of that work begs us to state that no apology was tendered, but that, in deference to the wishes of the family, he promised that a single statement should be altered in the next edition.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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